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The Week

LLOYD GEORGE'S analysis of the situation on the battle-front brought forth certain grim realities which the Allies must face, and which, in part, they fortunately have already recognized. The outstanding fact is that up till last October the Allies, outnumbering the Germans in the ratio of 3 to 2, were not able to achieve a success approaching that which the enemy has won with forces only equal to the Allies in infantry and inferior in artillery, cavalry, and aircraft. It follows, therefore, that either superior morale or superior leadership must account for the German victory. But morale we may dismiss at once, from what we know of the British temper in previous trials and from what the British have shown in the present battle. So it comes down to leadership. Lloyd George's explanations of the German advantages—the initiative of attack, the weather, the element of surprise—are far from convincing. Similar advantages must have been open to the Allies in the course of the last two years. The simple fact emerges that incompetent or negligent leadership along one section of the British line, at least, has brought about the present serious situation. Lack of unity of command along the whole front may have counted to some extent, but it was General Gough's breakdown that was primarily responsible. The British chief of staff made a marvellous forecast of what was going to happen; yet when the German blow fell as expected, one British army along the exposed front was found fatally wanting.

THE reassuring part of Lloyd George's statement consists in the dismissal of General Gough, the establishment of a unified High Command under Foch, and more than all in the answer given to the perplexing doubts that have arisen regarding the strength of the Allies, in the face of overwhelming German superiority, now here and now there. At least we know that the Allies are equal to the enemy in numbers and equipment, and with the element of surprise eliminated, the struggle should be an equal one. Provided, that is, the Allies can bring up their reserves with the same celerity which the Germans have shown. If it is true that from two-thirds the Allied strength in October the Germans in four or five months rose to a parity with the Allies, it means that the enemy in these four or five months succeeded in increasing his strength by one-half. But last October the Kaiser had about 170 divisions in the west. Therefore he must have brought up no less than eighty new divisions, or nearly a million men, far beyond the calculations of the most sober of Allied observers. That feat cannot be repeated, since the Germans have no Russian storehouse of men to drain. From now on it is a matching of recruits and normal reserves.

CZERNIN'S reported dismissal from office is punishment for starting something that he could not finish. It would have been bad enough if his uncalled-for boast that France has been secretly suing for peace had turned out—what Clemenceau showed it to be—an endeavor by Austria to talk peace. It would not have been the first time that Teutonic Ministers of State had been convicted of defects of the imagination. We have Czernin's own remarkable achievement at Brest-Litovsk, with his announcement of a policy of no annexation and indemnities, followed immediately by General Hoffmann's correction that Germany in Russia would take this and this and this. But it is quite another question to get one's imperial master into hot water. Put aside the "falsifications" which Vienna discovers in the Hapsburg letter to Cousin Sixtus. It is bad enough that Emperor Karl should be under the compulsion of telegraphing to Berlin that really he didn't do it, and that Potsdam should have to telegraph back, "Of course you didn't, but don't do it again," or words to that effect. Whether it is the glow of anticipated victory, or the madness that precedes destruction, the epidemic of indiscretion that has broken out in the Central Empires—the Pichon revelations, Lichnowsky, and now the letter of Cousin Sixtus—doesn't make good team work with the Hohenzollern appeals to a righteous cause and to Gott.

LAST Thursday's official report from Syria, recording a further northward advance, contradicts General von Ardenne's assertion in the *Tageblatt* that Allenby had reached high tide in Palestine. Von Ardenne's statement was based upon the British retirement from Amman, on the Hedjaz railway east of Jerusalem, which the English claim to have occupied in order to destroy the rails and roadbed, and further upon a proximate German-Turkish advance south upon Jerusalem. One very stubborn strategic obstacle will face the Germans if they attempt a move forward now. They will either have to leave a large force behind them as protection against a British advance on Aleppo from Mesopotamia, or take the risk of being cut off entirely from their communications with Constantinople. Aleppo is the junction point of the Bagdad and Syrian railroads, and its occupation by an enemy would isolate the whole of Syria. Even though the British were, according to last accounts, almost two hundred miles from Aleppo, their advance in the last few weeks has been so rapid that this stretch of territory will not be the protection to the Turks that at first glance it appears to be.

AN excellent record has been made by the Medical Department of the army in stamping out typhoid and dysentery. The Surgeon-General's office states that both these scourges have been reduced to almost negligible proportions. We know that inoculation long ago proved typhoid to be a preventable disease. The record of our troops on the Mexican border during the Villa trouble demonstrated that amply. The alleged triumph over dysentery would be a greater achievement, and will have to be tested by next summer's results. As to pneumonia, which has been the scourge of our troops, both in their cantonments here and in France, no detailed reports are forthcoming. We only know so far that the mortality attributable to pneumonia has been comparatively high. There are other trench diseases, such, for

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instance, as trench fever, which have not yet had a chance to take their toll of our men, and tuberculosis, which, on account of the careful physical examinations given our conscripts, ought not to get a foothold in the army. At any rate, in this matter of keeping our soldiers' health at top notch, our physicians abroad will have the advantage of the three and a half years of British and French experience.

NURSES have not hitherto had proper recognition in the military organization of the United States, and it is much to be hoped that Congressman Raker's bill to give them military rank will receive the prompt and favorable attention of Congress. This is no mere matter of form, but touches directly the efficiency of the service, for at present the nurse is surrounded by orderlies who are not obliged to take orders from her. The proposed measure follows somewhat Canadian precedents. In Canada nurses are not commissioned, but are given "relative rank carrying with it the uniform, the rank badges, the right to be saluted, the authority, and the pay that goes with the rank." When the Government is making such heavy demands on the guardians of the public health, as represented by the trained nurses, the country has the right to demand that they be furnished the very best possible conditions of work, in order that our sick and wounded soldiers may receive the best care that conditions allow, and that the nurses themselves may not be obliged to waste energy in overcoming unnecessary handicaps. In addition to this compelling reason, the Government ought to give proper recognition to a branch of the service second to none in importance.

HAD the German-American Alliance, whose executive committee last week voted its disbandment, lived into 1919, it would have been twenty years old. As founded in Philadelphia to include all German clubs—social, gymnastic, military, political, what-not—its purposes included some of the most commendable kind. Professor Faust lists them as "to increase the feeling of unity in the German element of the United States; to pursue worthy aims which do not run counter to good citizenship; to oppose nativistic influences; to cultivate a spirit of cordiality between America and Germany; to investigate the history of the German immigrations and their influence." Yet the founders must realize that even before the war in Europe the Alliance was regarded with suspicion and dislike. It set out to spread the German language in the common schools, and sentiment is growing that, except in rare cases, English alone should be taught below the high schools; its political opposition to prohibition excited resentment; its emphasis on German culture often seemed prejudiced. Most citizens of German descent will be glad of its passing.

A PLAUSIBLE and instructive explanation of the 110,000 votes for Victor Berger in the Wisconsin Senatorial election is offered by the Milwaukee *Free Press*. It denies that these voters were "disloyal" or "pro-German," to any great extent. They represented, rather, a protest. It was not a protest against the war—though anti-war sentiment undoubtedly entered in. It was not a protest against society as at present organized—though the full Socialist strength was included. Nor was it an "ignorant" vote, as alleged. In the opinion of the *Free Press*, the protest was mainly against the dictatorial and terrorizing tactics applied to the Senatorial campaign. Extremists of all kinds were let loose on the State, and proceeded to hector the citizens in attempts to intimidate them. Voters were told that they must not vote for this or that candidate on pain of being written down traitors. They were pestered and persecuted beyond all measure. The result was, just as in New York last November, to arouse a spirit of resentment which found expression at the polls. Not only in the German sections of Wisconsin did the Berger vote run high. He carried counties, like Marathon, in which the native strain largely predominates. The farmers simply would not endure the bulldozing methods of the politicians. The *Free Press* declares that Wisconsin's loyalty is unquestioned. She has 40,000 sons under arms. The Berger vote was largely the expression of revolt against bad policies and tactics. To those responsible, the *Free Press* addresses this proper warning:

> If they persist in illegitimate methods of persecution, detraction, suspicion, repression, and coercion; if they persist in their campaigns of race hatred, in their interference in school matters, in their efforts to hamstring constitutional rights, and in their overweening attempts to set up and enforce political and racial standards of loyalty in Wisconsin, there will be danger of a future protest vote sufficient to send large Socialist delegations to the Wisconsin Legislature and to Congress.

THE self-confessed leader of the mob that lynched a German citizen at Collinsville, Ill., showed in testimony at the inquest the true nature of the outrage. The German was questioned twenty minutes without incriminating himself, and kissed the flag:

> The crowd kept getting more excited and angry. Some one shouted, "Well, if he won't come in with anything, string him up." A boy produced a handkerchief and his hands were tied. I might have been the man who did the thing. I was drunk, and because I had been in the army the crowd made me the big man in the affair.

No American can read these details without shame that such deeds are possible in his country. It is an added sting that the Federal Government, responsible though it is for the protection of German citizens from violence, cannot intervene to punish summarily such a crime. Ever since in President Harrison's time the United States had to explain to Italy that Louisiana had sole jurisdiction over the murder of three Italians in New Orleans, our Executive Department has pressed for laws which would give the Federal Government power properly to deal with offences against aliens. If it were made plain to hot heads that every citizen of a foreign Power would be protected by the national Government from mob action, men who make a mock of State authority would hesitate.

AT any time one reviewing the career of Rudolph Blankenburg would have been impressed with the fact that he was born in Germany and lived to exhibit conspicuously the highest type of Americanism. The combination is especially striking just now. In peace he was a patriot who put city and State above party, and in war there was no suggestion of a hyphen in his allegiance to the land of his adoption. His career will remain an inspiration to all who fight for better things. One element in his political position deserves emphasis. His German blood would naturally have given him an abhorrence for inefficiency as well as dishonesty in government. It might also have led him to place efficiency above democracy, but this he did not do. In this respect he was more level-headed not only than the mass of his own people, but also than not a few of his American

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fellow-citizens. The war has shown us anew how precious democracy is, but earlier there was evident in many quarters an overvaluing of efficiency. We were in danger of falling victims to a fetish, in both business and government. Nothing could better prove the sturdy individuality of the German who became the only worthy Mayor of "the most American" city in a generation than his steady seeing of these principles in their proper relation. Of such stuff was his Americanism made.

IF investigators of apartment-house garbage receptacles can find "two broiled half chickens, from which only a small part of the breast had been taken"; "three roast beef bones completely covered with meat"; "an entire breast of mutton"; "one ham bone with enough good meat to feed four people," and basketfuls of bread, rolls, and crackers, they can find the persons responsible for such destruction. When the Aldermen pass the proposed ordinance for the fining of such wastrels, they can be properly punished. Last week Chairman Jansen, of the conservation committee of the Broadway Association, discovered the above items, with many more, between Seventieth and Ninetieth Streets. Later Miss Margaret Butler, after an inquiry for the Federal Food Board, reported that in West Seventy-second Street she found "incredible amounts of good food thrown away," and saw two bushels of bread gathered up. In West Ninety-first Street she discovered a "most astounding waste of meats, bread, and poultry and vegetables." A fitting punishment for those who throw away usable food, or permit their servants to do so, would be a sentence to bread and water. But if civil authority cannot resort to this, it can make the fines so heavy that even the stalest of loaves will be used in even the richest of households.

THE sardonic French way of arresting persons hit by an automobile embodies a principle of justice that ought rigidly to be applied in the case of automobilists struck by a train at protected crossings. A certain kind of gay knight on wheels sees in a wigwagging watchman, a madly thrumming gong, or lowered crossing-gates an invitation to a race with death—and particularly on Long Island. President Peters, of the Long Island Railroad, has renewed his complaint of the drivers who love to dash over a crossing like Tam O'Shanter over the bridge at Ayr. No less than 109 of them broke off crossing-gates last year, and many more hurtled past other means of warning. Sixteen automobiles were hit, seven people were killed, and sixteen were injured—this casualty list doubtless including innocent automobile passengers. Every driver who deliberately risks his own and others' lives by refusing to obey crossing signals should, as President Peters says, lose his license, to the end that his first offence should be his last.

THE plea of the Yale Alumni Association for graduate subscriptions to meet a University deficit of about $260,000 will doubtless find many counterparts before the war ends. Occasionally of late has come news of a weak college suddenly closing its doors in bankruptcy—as did Highland Park College, Iowa, a few weeks ago. Those institutions are most fortunate which depend least upon the tuition fees of male students. A large endowment fund is a rock of refuge for some which have lost one-third of their young men; others are seeing as never before the attractiveness of the co-educational principle or of extension courses; and the State universities bless the fact that democratically minded legislators have always insisted that appropriations should lift them above the necessity of asking more than nominal fees. The rise in tuition charges at many institutions just before the war revealed their dependence upon this source of income to carry them over the deficit line.

WHAT English artist was so great that a collection of his drawings could be expected in these tense days to bring more than $110,000? Such was the total sum bid in London recently for the drawings of William Blake, long preserved in the Linnell family, of which one set of seventy-two designs for Dante's "Divine Comedy" was bought by the National Gallery for $36,500. Of one aspect of the sale philanthropists will like to think—that John Linnell, the chief support of Blake from 1813 till the death of the artist in 1827, and the inspiration and buyer of the best of his later work, laid up by his generosity such riches for his descendants. It will please historians of art to set in contrast with these thumping figures the picture of Blake sending out his wife with his last half-guinea to purchase the materials to enable the pair to engrave their own book. It must strike the imagination of every one that the artist-poet, visionary, craze-touched, unappreciated, but deeply original and heroically faithful to his own aims, has simply as an artist come to exert such a fascination over later times. What would the drawings of Haydon, Fuseli, and other fashionables of that time sell for?

THE Alaskan brown bear is a devotee of daylight saving, but to the entreaties of farmers on Kodiak Island that he should also observe meatless days he has made a singularly impudent response: he now takes their fish also. Congress can not forgive itself for the lack of foresight which allowed the buffalo to vanish from our prairies, and by way of atonement it "preserves" the Kodiak bear. He at once overcame his threatened decline, and to-day extends a sportive claw towards all edible portions of the island's settlements. He laughs at locksmiths, according to letters of protest from farmers there. By day he is really affectionate to the stockmen; he knows they will not hurt him. But if, when he approaches to prepare his late dinner, they interfere with him by rudely throwing stones or even shouting, he is often obliged to use force. Now that spring has come, he invades the streams and feasts on salmon instead of calves. An Oregon paper tells of rivers whose borders are trampled for a hundred yards inland by frisking bear fishermen. But there is no end to strange preservation of wild animals.

CAN the news from Reno be true? "Willard and Fulton," Governor Boyle is reported as telegraphing to anxious Eastern editors, "cannot fight in Nevada on July 4 or any other date. They have my unqualified permission, however, to go to France and fight." What a change from days of yore! Reno has long served as a black sheep highly convenient for illustrating how white the rest of us are. It is so far from almost everywhere. Easterners could vanish from the comparative purity of the Tenderloin, figure in the society columns of the Nevada town for a brief term, and return with no taint upon them, to join respectable New Yorkers in expressions of horror at the mounting load of guilt upon the scapegoat. What shall we do now for a target for our righteous indignation?

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The Austrian Revelations

PUBLICATION by the French Foreign Office of the letter written by the Emperor of Austria, March 31, 1917, is easily the greatest diplomatic sensation of the war. It eclipses even the secret dispatches of Zimmermann and Luxburg given out by Secretary Lansing. For here we have, over the name of Emperor Charles, a peace offer last year which not only included many of the terms upon which the Allies have long insisted as indispensable, but went on to make this definite pledge: "I beg you to convey privately and unofficially to President Poincaré that I will support by every means, and by exerting all my personal influence with my allies, France's just claims regarding Alsace-Lorraine."

The implications of this fairly take one's breath away. Did Vienna venture this step without the knowledge of Berlin? Did the Emperor Charles move without consulting his own Government? So urgent and almost humble an appeal for peace would argue that Austria was even more desperately off, a year ago, from both the military and the economic point of view, than had been supposed. All kinds of suppositions leap to the mind. This extraordinary peace "feeler" may have been put out chiefly to sound France and England with the intention of withdrawing or repudiating it. Berlin, it will be remembered, professed not to have known of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia in 1914. Some things it is convenient not to know. You can then indignantly deny complicity in them. And it is possible that Germany was not so ignorant of Austria's efforts for a separate peace—or, at least, separate efforts for a general peace—as is now pretended. With so much lying and mystification going on, it may be that the present exchange of telegrams between the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria is meant to deceive the audience. "What about this French statement," telegraphed Wilhelm to Karl, "that you admitted the claims of France to Alsace-Lorraine to be just?" "Not a word of truth in it," replied the Austrian Emperor—but that was before he knew that the French had published his letter! It is this publication which will play the mischief. Already there had been a good deal of bad blood between the German press and Austria. Now we may expect a perfect fury of denunciation. What, an ally negotiating behind Germany's back, and undertaking to give away German provinces! Talk about driving a wedge between Austria and Germany! The Austrian Emperor's letter is calculated to drive a whole row of wedges.

When hidden things leap to light, things mysterious before are cleared up. The advances made by the Austrian Emperor to France—and he desired them to be made known to England—throw a flood of light upon what was dark last year. We can see now with what good reason there were positive predictions of peace in 1917. The world was nearer to it than it knew. It seems in the highest degree probable that, but for the Russian collapse, the Central Powers would have made peace on the best terms they could secure. The attitude of Austria, now made clear as never previously, is presumptive proof of that. Also does it become plain now why, even after Russia had taken herself out of the war, there was so strong a hope among the Allies that Austria might be negotiated with separately. This hope prevailed in France, in England, and in the United States. To the Governments of all of them the letter of Emperor Charles must have been made known. We can understand to-day why Sir Edward Carson, as a member of the British War Cabinet, stated that there were the best of reasons for believing that a separate peace with Austria might be concluded. The speeches of Lloyd George and of President Wilson, showing special consideration for Austria, are now fully intelligible. And, of course, the interview in Switzerland between General Smuts and Count Mensdorff, as also that between an emissary of Clemenceau and an agent of the Austrian Government, falls into its proper place.

We are not yet at the end of the affair, resounding as it is already. The French are pressing their diplomatic advantage with great boldness. They now "summon" the Austrian Government to give "the details of the conversation of its delegates." The implication is that if Vienna doesn't do it, Paris will. Even the great battle cannot obliterate the intense interest in this competition in disclosure. For from it we are getting hints of the way in which peace will be made, or attempted, when the terrible fighting fails or dies down. The militarists have the word just now. Like General Hoffmann at Brest-Litovsk, they are pushing the civil rulers aside and seeking to settle everything by the sword. But the day will come, after conquest by force of arms has been shown to be impossible, when the Emperor of Austria and even his brother-monarch in Berlin will see the need of putting an end to "the sufferings of so many millions of men and families," will respond to the wailing demands of their own people, and will ask for peace.

The Great Test

THE fourth week of the Battle of the West Front finds Germany's opponents acutely aware of the sore trials which confront them. Whatever the cheer-up headlines may do, there is no tendency among statesmen or thoughtful observers to minimize the enemy's display of numerical power, his resourceful and determined leadership, or his actual achievements up to the present. Yet in spite of the grave words uttered in the British House of Commons and the story revealed in the official war bulletins, we need only recall the first few weeks of the war before the Marne, the weeks of Verdun, the Russian collapse in Galicia, and the Italian disaster to recognize that there is not to-day the same sense of possible catastrophe; at least not since the beginning of the second week of the battle in Picardy. One immediate reason may be found in the natural rebound from the sharp anxieties of that first week.

But there are other reasons, ranging all the way from sentiment and abstraction to the concrete argument from fact and precedent. There is no forced optimism in the feeling that the fundamental cause of the Allies cannot be defeated. The mind refuses to accept the victory of an unscrupulous militarism over a world outlook which, despite all the errors of which the Allies may have been guilty, jointly and severally, still towers in the moral sunlight above the despoilers of Belgium, the assassins of the Lusitania, and the cynical playboys of Brest-Litovsk. Evil has had its way before this in history, but until the hideous fact is upon us the mind rejects it. A step nearer to the concrete is the difficulty of imagining the strength of three great nations, France, Britain, and America, succumbing to the power of a single opponent. Unquestionably, peoples and empires have their fate; and it is not written in the

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stars that the glory of France or the power of the Anglo-Saxon world shall endure forever. But, again, it is only the event which can disprove the deep-rooted belief.

Faith and fact blend to form an argument from the earlier crises of the war. We need not resort to the familiar boasts of British pluck or French dash or American grit in order to deduce from the story of the Marne, of Ypres, and of Verdun the presence of great qualities which do promise that the German will is not to be imposed on the Allies. It is a fact that the armies of France, beaten back in the first month of the war along the entire front, with tragic losses in dead, wounded, and prisoners, retreated nearly two hundred miles in two weeks, turned, and snatched victory from defeat. It is a fact that the Kaiser stood waiting to march into Nancy, and that Castelnau's men, fresh from the disaster of Morhange, shattered the Kaiser's hopes on the Grand Couronné. It is a fact that from Joffre went out the order to Manoury's men on the Ourcq that they might die in their tracks, but they must not yield. It is a fact that at La Fère Champénoise it was a last desperate charge by the centre of an army beaten on both flanks —Foch's—that saved France. It is a fact that a thin line of British at Ypres closed the door to Calais in the Kaiser's face. Because the Allies have, before this, risen to the needs of a supreme moment, it is not unreasoning optimism to hold that they will do so once more.

And so, from the imponderable qualities that enter into the problem, we come down to the concrete factors of miles and days. We recall that in the first great piercing operation of the war—Mackensen's in Galicia, three years ago—the Teuton armies in eleven days marched 85 miles from the Dunajec to the San. Last fall, the Teuton armies in a little more than two weeks advanced 80 miles from the Isonzo to the Piave. We compare this with the further advance of about 35 miles in three weeks by the German armies in France to-day, and their complete halt along the first line of advance. We recall further that Mackensen's march was against an enemy shot to pieces by German heavy guns, and itself without arms, food, or adequate leadership. The Teuton march into Italy was on the heels of an army dissolved in panic. The difference of essentials in France and Belgium to-day need only be mentioned.

What, under these circumstances, is the enemy's objective? What kind of victory has he in mind? Amiens, Paris, the Channel coast, the separation of the British and French armies, the destruction of the British army—all have been mentioned. And any or all of these results would doubtless be welcome to Hindenburg. No general looks a gift victory in the mouth. But it may be that the German General Staff would be content with less striking results in a tangible way. We can imagine the purpose to be the exhaustion of the Allied reserves and the elimination of all possibilities of an Allied offensive for a year to come, simultaneously with the seizure of as much Allied territory as is to be had. We may recall that Verdun has often been explained as a large-scale anticipation of an Allied offensive; that, in fact, the offer of British help was refused by Pétain, who pledged himself to stop the Crown Prince while the British went on with their preparation for the Somme. So the Germans might be content if the present battle ends with their lines close to Amiens, closer to Calais and Dunkirk, and the Allies reduced to a long preparation for a new offensive. At that juncture would come the offer of a "reasonable" peace; a peace perhaps at the expense of Russia.

A Constitution for Ireland

THE firebrand of Irish conscription has made a blaze in which the work of the Irish Convention is almost lost to sight. This is a thousand pities; for the report is a noteworthy piece of political construction. Had it fallen in peace times, or even had it been allowed a hearing on its merits in the midst of this war, the skill, patience, industry, and wisdom of the men who labored for months at the shaping of a Constitution for Ireland would have received the highest praise. In particular would the achievement of the Chairman of the Convention, Sir Horace Plunkett, have met with wide acclaim. Even as it is, he is not wholly failing of the recognition which is his due. The turning to him by the Convention as the fittest man to preside over it was of itself a tribute to his personality and to his work. For years, Sir Horace has been one of the most useful citizens of Ireland. Keeping apart from wrangling politicians, he has devoted himself with zeal and intelligence to the promotion of Irish interests—agriculture, coöperative banking, and the like. Disliked by both parties, because they could not make a tool of him, he has steadily held to his course, though long excluded from public office. But his day came when it was desirable to have a conciliatory and constructive mind in the chairmanship of the Irish Convention.

His report does not submit an actual draft of a Constitution for Ireland. It merely recites the principles to which three-quarters of the Convention agreed, and which they would like to see enacted in a bill that would have all the effect of a written Constitution. The very fact that it was to be written is itself a notable departure from British practice. The British Constitution is nowhere set down in writing. Australia and South Africa, to be sure, followed in respect of their Constitutions the example of the United States, but Great Britain has always clung to the idea of unformulated constitutional rights and practices.

Not only in this main fact is there evidence of American borrowing in the report of Sir Horace Plunkett. In several details there appears to have been a sagacious adaptation of our constitutional provisions to the special needs of Ireland. In the American Senate the States are given representation quite disproportionate to their population or voting strength. So in the new Irish Parliament there was to be a guarantee that the Unionists should have forty per cent. of the membership, even if not entitled to so many by the test of numbers. There were also to be in the Irish Constitution limitations on the legislative power, such as we are familiar with in this country. The British Parliament can do anything it likes, but the Irish Parliament was to be forbidden to pass laws interfering with religious equality, or impairing the rights and privileges of Trinity College or Queens University. Money bills it could vote only on the initiative of the Viceroy—that is, there was to be a budget system. On this point, the United States might learn from Ireland.

It would be bootless at present to remark on the minutiæ of the proposed Constitution. It runs along some of the lines of the Home Rule act of 1914. But that measure it would greatly amplify. What it generally aims at is a rational and workable scheme of Dominion government. Yet the special situation and peculiar needs of Ireland are not overlooked. Full financial control of Irish matters was desired, and this would include the right to levy customs duties

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as well as excise. Yet commerce with England being what it is, the proposal was to guarantee that no protective duties should ever be laid upon English goods. This levying of customs, with the division of the proceeds with the Imperial Exchequer, proved to be one of the two stumbling-blocks of the Convention. An ingenious compromise was arrived at. Customs taxes were to be laid and paid as before, but the money was to be turned over to the Irish Exchequer, until a joint board should ascertain what was Ireland's "true revenue." The other crux was, of course, Ulster. The dour Ulstermen remained unyielding throughout, and brought in an adverse minority report.

What Lloyd George will produce in the shape of a Home Rule bill, and how far he will go in accepting the recommendations of the great majority of the Irish Convention, we do not yet know. The Government is at work on a measure, and it must soon be laid before the House of Commons. There are rumors of a general scheme of Federal Government, in which Wales and Scotland are to have their place as well as Ireland. But if the Prime Minister is wise—we say nothing of his consistency—he will give great heed to the majority report of the Irish Convention. It was the most widely representative body that ever sat in Ireland. The Sinn Feiners were out of it because they would not accept the invitation to send delegates; but otherwise all the chief interests of Ireland had spokesmen. Some American sneers are heard because these Irishmen could not unanimously agree. But it is just as well to remember that our Constitution was adopted only after a long and dubious fight.

Steadying Prices in Australia

FEW could have been surprised to find that "advanced" Australia had early in the war pushed Government control to quite new limits. The continent, largely cut off from its old markets and sources of supply, had to find means of holding imported commodities within reach of the people, and means also of keeping the wheat, sheep, and dairy farmers and miners in productive work. The measures for the latter purpose, including State purchase, price-guarantee, or Imperial arrangement for the surplus wheat, wool-clip, and meat, and State overseas transport, were so necessary that they provoked little criticism. Those for the former purpose have been the subject of marked controversy. A full statement of the circumstances and the apparent results is given in a volume by a competent Australian economist, H. L. Wilkinson, himself on the Victoria Price-Fixing Board—"State Regulation, or Prices in Australia."

The State laws for price-regulation were most energetically administered in New South Wales and Queensland; in Victoria and West Australia especially they "were not taken very seriously, and price-fixing was abandoned after a trial of twelve months." Mr. Wilkinson's opinion of the efficacy of mere State regulation is low. Much was claimed for it in the two first-named States, and it possibly paved the way for Commonwealth regulation. But a study of prices in the States which enforced the law and those which did not leads him to conclude, with one Victorian Minister, that such price-fixing "had little effect on the cost of living, though in some instances it resulted in cheaper commodities as long as original supplies lasted." In New South Wales, the richest, most populous State, the prices of all necessary foods, feeds, and fuels, and of many luxuries were fixed in detail. In the case of fodder, for example, hay prices were fixed in the stack, in the bale, on the cars and steamers, at the dock, and delivered at the store. In Queensland the prices of no less than twenty-five varieties of meat were fixed, and regulation extended even to patent medicines and general groceries. The protests of Sydney and Brisbane bakers against the fixed bread prices lend color to official claims that the consumer was saved much on that article. But measuring the cost of living by what £1 would buy in 1911 of about fifty articles, Mr. Wilkinson found that it had risen on January 1, 1916, by 8s. 1d. in regulated Sydney and 9s. 10d. in regulated Brisbane, against only 7s. 10d. in Melbourne and between 4 and 5 shillings in Adelaide and Perth, where there was little regulation.

The verdict as to Federal regulation is decidedly favorable. By May, 1916, the Commonwealth Government had gone about as far as the American Government now has, regulating, for example, the price of sugar, wheat, and bread. In the midsummer of 1916 it was encouraged to decide to fix the price of a long list of commodities, from butter to infants' foods, from baking powder to meats. State regulations which did not conflict with its own were to remain in full force. The price of shoes was fixed through that of leather. When the grocers of Victoria tried to raise the price of their general unregulated groceries, the Government frustrated the move by an order listing groceries in that State at their old valuation. Some difficult situations presented themselves, as in the case of grain sacks in Victoria and tin plate in the Commonwealth as a whole. With large stocks in the hands of the merchants, prices overseas rose so suddenly that if the Government had not intervened holders would have reaped a rich harvest by simply marking up their wares. Prices were at once fixed at ante-bellum rates. But this rate was insufficient to make it feasible to import from abroad to meet further needs. To bring about further importations, the Government had to fix another scale of selling prices for newly imported wares, and to enforce the two side by side. Mr. Wilkinson agrees that the Federal action achieved "a reduction in rates below what they would otherwise have been," and was "thoroughly effective in reducing the cost of living."

Most notable of all is Mr. Wilkinson's partial approval of the entrance of the State Governments into commercial enterprises. In Sydney a combine by the fishermen had made the fish market so unsatisfactory that the New South Wales authorities were prompted to set up a State fish supply, with its own trawlers and retail fish shops. It serves several thousand customers weekly with fish they would otherwise do without, and gathers millions in extra wealth yearly from the sea. The State has made no money, but the people have profited. Sydney also has a State bakery, with its own flour mill; this has helped to keep prices within bounds and has been profitable, making $15,000 in 1916 on a business of over $200,000. In West Australia the State has a great ranch, buys and sells cattle in large numbers, and operates a number of butcher shops; these, says Mr. Wilkinson, have "prevented exploitation by those engaged in supplying meat to the more populated parts." The State sawmills have been profitable and have broken up a grasping monopoly; but the State implement works have been a consistent loss. Mr. Wilkinson cordially admits the success of some of these remarkable undertakings. They show one method by which Governments can regulate general commercial prices, especially in an emergency.

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BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

Spring in the Great Valley

IT is spring in the Great Valley, and the apple trees are drifting their petals down the steep hill slopes. Only yesterday they were covered with a sudden heavy April snowfall. With to-day's warm sun it has vanished like a dream forgotten, and the only snow is the falling apple petals and the drift of the cottonwoods shaken by a quiet spring breeze, except as we look across the valley to the mountains beyond, whose tops are still white with yesterday's surprise. The bright red of the new-ploughed fields is in sharp contrast with the vivid green of the oats, just springing into vigorous growth. Over yonder an overloaded train of a baker's dozen of heavy passenger cars, with an ill-assorted freight car occasionally interspersed to remind us that we are at war, slowly draws up at the little station and then disappears into the cut beyond. Down below in the valley the power plant steadily and spitefully expresses dissatisfaction with its unceasing task. Overhead the buzzards sweep in huge lazy circles, and at our feet the hens scratch cheerfully in the moist earth under the fallen leaves. A score of beehives shame our idleness as we turn our steps towards the woods, along the roadside where the dandelions tempt the children's fingers and where the periwinkles bloom, star sprinkled in the grass. As we pass under the trees, a great turkey gobbler forgets his ordinary burbling querulousness long enough to speed us on our way with a ridiculous gobble—and we have left men behind.

Overhead the oaks and chestnuts are just putting forth tender young leaves and the maple keys hang in dense clusters from the branches along the path. The dogwood is spreading its creamy white in great sheets over the whole stretches of the woods, and in the sunny clearings the violets are laying a blue carpet, figured here and there with delicate grass flowers and yellow marsh marigolds. From a near-by field a meadow-lark pipes a note of cheery melancholy, and a covey of quail, disturbed by our unaccustomed footfall, spring with a whirr into the air and in a moment have disappeared no one knows whither.

It is very peaceful in the woods of the Great Valley, and we forget that there is a world outside where it is not spring, a world where men dig in mines, and sweat in foundries and factories, and cheat and lie and get gain in offices and counting-houses, a world where women wear showy clothes and paint their faces, a world where children dart through crowded streets among swarming vehicles, and shout to one another in shrill voices from which all the music has fled, a world where soldiers fight and kill and die, a world where shrapnel bursts and falling shells tear up the tortured earth, a world where financiers and diplomats and kings plot and scheme and gamble with human lives for counters, a world where man is and God is not. Yes, it is very peaceful in the woods, and we walk softly as we go yet farther into their depths.

It is a world for little people in the woods of the Great Valley. Before our gaze the fairies have fled, but to younger eyes, undimmed by the prose of experience, they dwell eternal in the woods. And to-day even we half-shut our eyes and open our hearts, and we too see them as plainly as in the days long gone. They peep at us from their shelter under the toadstools; they dart in and out in the flickering shadows behind the great gray trunks of the beeches; we catch a glimpse of them drinking from the cup of a bloodroot leaf with its single drop of crystal; they break off the little buds from the oaks and toss them gently down on our heads, and sift on us the pollen from the catkins of the alders; they dance in magic rings where the sunlight sifts through the branches to the springing earth below and play hide and seek among the anemones. It is a veritable world of fairies to-day. And then there are the violets to be gathered till chubby hands can hold no more; and there are acorns, smooth and hard and shiny gray-brown, that cannot be left lying on the ground; and there are grapevine swings that must be swung in, and dogwood houses that must be lived in, and flat-rock tables that must be eaten from; and there are great dead tree trunks, their heart burned out, and in them dragons hide, always ready to rush out on unwary passers-by; and in these woods the blue racers live that can outrun the fastest horse; and if you are very quiet, and steal up ever so gently, you may catch sight of a turtle sunning himself on a rock down in the swampy spot yonder, or maybe an early dragonfly—or a hippopotamus! The woods are filled with strange excitements, delightful perils, and to-day we wander on, listening to the old strange sounds, catching glimpses of the old forgotten dangers, tasting the old unfailing joys of the little people in the woods. For to-day this world is theirs.

And it is very quiet in the woods of the Great Valley. The grass is springing and the shrubs and trees are bursting into leaf and flower, and all the creatures together rejoice in the sunshine of the spring; yet it is very still. The ants are rushing busily to and fro on the path, the bees are buzzing endlessly in the sunshine, the ladybirds and the bright red spiders are forever appearing where we did not expect them, but it is very silent in the woods. The crows caw from the distant top of a dead tree, the blackbirds shrill from the willows in a near-by swamp, the woodpecker hammers on a dead branch—but now he stops, and it is very quiet in the woods, for man is not there.

And it is very friendly this spring day in the woods of the Great Valley. The sunshine bears us company, and the whispering breeze. Our footfalls on the leaves give back a soft reply. The grass stretches up its fingers and the flowers lift their heads for us to see. The trees drop down their shadows and sift over us fresh odors, and the insects and the little beasts that dart about among the fallen leaves and the birds that sing in the branches—all are friendly, glad. And we, too, for this short day, can be glad also; for to-day we are not men. To-day we do not plot and hate and fight; we do not labor with restless haste to build that which to-morrow we shall destroy; we do not strive or struggle or achieve or fail. We are not men; only God's creatures in the woods of the Great Valley, and we are content.

The day passes and the sun sinks. Lingeringly we leave all that was so quiet, so peaceful, so friendly, leave the fairies tinkling their joy bells and beginning to hang out their lanterns in the grass. Slowly our feet carry us out of the shadowy woods to the long level road that stretches down the valley. The myriad voices of the peepers in the roadside pond fill our ears, and on the instant are silent as our footfall resounds on the plank bridge. The darkness gathers and we trudge steadily along the darkling road. Silent, shimmering, still, the moon peeps over the eastern wall of the Great Valley. Our day is over, but never done.

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Reconstruction in France*

By MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS

THE work of the little group of women of the Smith College Relief Unit, who are doing reconstruction work around Grécourt in the Somme, has a significance not to be measured merely by its results in that devastated district of northern France. A few villages, so tiny that they are not to be found upon the map, are being slowly roused from the torpor of utter desolation into renewed life. But, in addition, American women are exercising their initiative and executive ability in helping to shape a new world.

From the beginning, the Smith Unit has been a business-like enterprise. There has been nothing haphazard about it. Sixty thousand dollars, it was estimated, would be needed for the first year's work, and half of that had been pledged before the Unit sailed. Nine thousand will go to the maintenance of the Unit for the year, that it may be no burden upon the French Government or any of the relief agencies there. So over five-sixths of the money contributed will be used directly for relief work and for the reëstablishment of communal life, the purposes for which the Unit is in France.

Care was used, too, in selecting the personnel of the Unit. In addition to good health, a college training, and a fair knowledge of French, some special qualification was required of each member. Most of them, indeed, offered more than one. Of the eighteen who left for France last July, eleven had had courses in nursing, twelve were good cooks, eight were able to run a car, eleven had had experience in social work, and two were doctors. One of the chauffeurs was also a cobbler, and the carpenter could transform herself into a kindergartner at a moment's notice. This is not to mention the numerous additional duties that each of the eighteen has had to assume since reaching France.

The district assigned to the Unit by the French Government consists of sixteen villages not far from Noyon, with a total population of about two thousand. The problem to be met here was not primarily one of emergency relief. The more pressing necessities of the people had been attended to by the Government and the various relief societies between the time of the German retreat and the Unit's arrival in September. Seeds had been given out, and almost every family had been able to raise enough vegetables to keep life going from day to day. Most of them, too, had managed to save a little furniture from the general destruction or had received a piece or two from the Government. A number of them were even not badly off for actual money. But the whole community was in a state of coma. All its normal activities had been suspended, its channels of communication with the outside world cut. It was existing—nothing more. And there was a tragic lack of that element in the population which would naturally have had the ambition and the energy to set things going again. The young men were in the French army, and the young women—nobody knows what has become of them. When the dark wave of invasion flowed back, they were swept away with it.

The aim of the Smith Unit has been to get this dead-alive community to functioning again—to establish artificial respiration, as it were, until the stricken people can recover enough vitality to carry on the process for themselves. The method adopted is very much the same as that which would be used by the leading citizens in an American community that had been disorganized by a cyclone or a great fire. Roughly speaking, the Unit formed itself into a sort of commission government covering all the more important departments of daily life.

The first step was to get into touch with the outside and arrange for the bringing in of supplies. While the district was more or less self-sustaining so far as food was concerned, clothing and shoes were vitally needed, and a thousand and one articles of ordinary household use were lacking also. This question of importing supplies was a difficult one, as the army has practically monopolized the transportation system, but the Unit solved the problem by means of its motor trucks. Buying was done in Noyon, or even as far away as Paris, and the goods were brought in the trucks to headquarters at Grécourt.

The distribution of these supplies was carefully considered with a view to preserving the independence of the naturally sturdy, self-reliant people, and to reëstablishing something like the normal processes of trade. It was decided to sell at a little less than cost to those who had money, and a system of barter was arranged for the others. Some have more vegetables than they need for their own use, and the Unit will take these in exchange for its goods. It will take rags, also, for the rag-rug industry it is trying to start. And those who are utterly destitute are given paid work, principally sewing. One of the Unit does the cutting out, and the completed garments are added to the stock to be sold. Goods are sold at Grécourt three days in the week, and on the other three a motor truck fitted up as a store travels about from village to village. This itinerant store is a great success. Not only does it offer bargains that are appreciated by the shrewd country folk, but its arrival is a stimulating social event as well.

But the Unit is not satisfied with a store run by its own members and is trying to induce the shopkeepers in the various villages to go into business again. This is not easy, as they lack capital and have lost courage and ambition, but several of them have been persuaded to make the attempt on the Unit's promise that it will buy everything they fail to sell elsewhere. The Unit supplies them with their stock at a little below cost, and to prevent profiteering has even put into practice that latest governmental wrinkle, price-fixing.

The Unit considers it very important, also, to start some form of productive industry upon which the people may depend for a livelihood. One or two of the villages seem to be taking kindly to the making of rag rugs, but in others it is not a success. As an alternative, the Unit is trying to encourage the raising of chickens, rabbits, and goats, supplying these animals at a reasonable price for those who want them. There is no doubt about there being a market for all that can be raised, as the country has been swept bare of live stock. The Unit itself has been obliged to go into the dairy business as a result of the dearth of cattle,

*The recent German offensive swept over the district assigned to the Smith Unit. Word has come that all members are safe, but that they lost personal and Unit equipment—trunks and portable houses. Members whose headquarters were only four miles west of Ham worked under shell-fire, evacuating the two thousand civilian inhabitants, old people, women, and children, from their seventeen villages, in the retreat to Roye. The Unit saved their four automobiles, seven cows, and many of the goats, chickens, and rabbits which they had previously given to the inhabitants. Special trains took the refugees to Montdidier, where an impromptu canteen served bean soup to adult refugees, and condensed milk food to the children. When Montdidier became too hot with the shell-fire the women went to Amiens, where they are helping in directing military traffic and in military canteens. As soon as the fury is spent they will be sent to some other locality to begin their work of reëstablishing community life among refugees.

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and with its herd of seven cows and a regular milk route is selling to families in which there are young children or invalids.

Undoubtedly the hardest worked department is the medical. It has charge of a population in which only the unfittest have survived, and which is, in addition, wretchedly housed and poorly nourished. This clientèle is sparsely scattered over thirty-six square miles of territory, and the roads are often impassable on account of the mud. Dispensaries have been opened in several of the villages, but a great deal of home visiting is necessary, too. Small wonder that the medical department is busy from early in the morning until late at night. There is tremendous need for educational work in the medical field, too. For this the doctors have enlisted the aid of the social service and children's departments, and the younger generation is receiving instruction in the rudiments of hygiene.

Friendly visiting is another phase of the attempt to bring a little warmth and color into the gray lives of these unhappy people; and the little, sad, listless children are being taught how to laugh again. Nothing that the Unit is doing is more appreciated than its work with the children. Play centres have been established at various points, in coöperation with the schools which the Government is opening, and the kindergartners often accompany the travelling store and play with the children while the bargaining is going on. Books and toys are being distributed, too. Books are in great demand, especially fairy stories, for which these little victims of cruel reality seem positively hungry. For the older children, there are classes in sewing and carpentry.

No account of the Unit would be complete without a word as to the physical hardships of the life they are leading. They are reticent on this subject themselves, and it is only by reading between the lines of their reports that one can guess something of what they are enduring from dampness and bitter cold in their little portable houses in this hardest winter France has known for generations. Able-bodied labor is very scarce, too, and more than once they have had to become hewers of wood and drawers of water.

They have not forgotten, either, these women of the most idealistic nation in the world, that the life is more than meat. Shortly after their arrival, they arranged for a service in the little church at Grécourt. It was the first that had been held there since the war began, and the people flocked from miles around to attend it. To those poor, bereft, bewildered souls, who cling with such pitiful affection to their few relics —the bits of salvaged furniture and linen and china that link them with the past—this service at Grécourt was a reminder that the faith of their fathers is one of the cherished possessions of those old days which they can carry with them into the new.

John Redmond: An Appreciation

By HERBERT L. STEWART

A BRITISH Minister once explained the intractable state of the Irish problem as due to certain "tragic coincidences in Irish history." The phrase has a meaning, and it has seldom been more poignantly illustrated than in the death of Mr. John Redmond at just that critical moment of his country's fate which specially called for his rare combination of qualities. This is a time, perhaps beyond any other through which that distracted land has passed, for self-mastery, for patience, for a spirit of mutual concession, for the audacity which dares all things for principle, but will risk nothing for the cheap triumph of partisanship, above all for a quenchless faith in the Ireland that is to come. To enumerate these is to make a list of the endowments which belonged to Mr. Redmond in a supreme degree. To dwell upon the effectiveness with which he used them for the high purpose he had set himself is to suggest to those who must take up his work how they may prove themselves worthy of so great a tradition.

For Mr. Redmond the call to the service of Ireland was in a very intimate sense the "call of the blood." The record of his family is the record of Irish struggle for more than seven hundred years. The first of his line in history was one of the ablest lieutenants who landed as the advance guard of Strongbow on the coast of Wexford in 1172. But although of the stock of Anglo-Norman conquerors, the Redmond family have for untold generations been *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*. An Alexander Redmond took the lead in Wexford against Cromwell. His successor lost house and lands in the Puritan persecution of his ancient faith. At least one woman of the house may be named with Joan of Arc, for a print of the rising of '98 hangs on many a wall in County Wexford, showing a female figure in the foreground, "the beautiful and accomplished Miss Redmond, seated on horseback and leading the rebels." One after another of the name sat in the Parliaments of the nineteenth century as a champion of Irish national aspiration.

Thus the cult of the small nationality was no sudden acquisition of Mr. John Redmond in August, 1914. It was deep-seated in his ancestral blood. Yet he was very unlike what foreign writers of political *causerie* sketch, with an air of infinite knowingness, as "the typical Irish agitator." In temperament he was reserved almost to the point of coldness. Invariably courteous, he was seldom effusive, and though he never failed to impress, he often appeared careless of attracting. His speeches had a gravity of tone so unrelieved by humor that a jest from his lips was a sort of portent, and his irony recalled the description of the irony of Pitt, "like the glitter of sunlight upon snow." There was passion in Mr. Redmond, but there was no passionateness; rather a patience that could not be exhausted and a temper that could not be ruffled, but withal a resolution which was known to be as adamant. His success in welding into one the most discordant group of Irish representatives that ever injured Ireland by their internal strife is one of the monumental things in the history of leadership. And who can forget how he bore himself in debate with the men who facetiously called themselves "Ulster," how amid insulting falsehoods he could be trusted to say no exasperating word, how his warfare was always with policies, never with persons, how his eye was on the vision—however remote—of a national harmony which fiery words at the moment must postpone, how true he was to the great maxim of Parnell, "We can't afford to lose a single Irishman"? For, like another great national chieftain, he felt that he

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was doing a great work and he could not come down: "Why should the work cease, while I come down to you?"

These are the qualities that make a statesman, though they impair the immediate popularity of the mass leader. Mr. Redmond wielded the sort of eloquence which belongs to burning sincerity; he occasionally allowed himself one of those bursts of rhetoric, suffused by feeling, which are seldom beyond the reach of speakers of his race, and which are all the more effective in a man of habitual restraint. But he could not have swayed at will one of O'Connell's vast audiences on Tara or drawn the bow of the great Liberator. To each man his place, and Mr. Redmond's place was the House of Commons, which he could impress and convince and win for his national ideals. In a word, he was a great parliamentarian. It is not too much to say that he was a chief agent in cementing an indissoluble alliance between Irish Nationalism and British Labor. How much this must mean in a country whose future is with the Labor chiefs, one is not yet able to guess. Its immense significance is known best of all to those who still cherish the forlorn hope of stemming the inexorable advance of English democracy.

A myth used to be current about "the two Mr. Redmonds," one a revolutionary separatist, the other a constitutional advocate of Home Rule. The sagacious Sir Frederick Smith denounced this "speaking with two voices," one addressed to the physical force party of the Irish in the United States, and the other to British Liberals with whom extreme language would be a mistake and who must be made to think that the Irish are sweetly reasonable. If England had not possessed wiser statesmen than Sir Frederick Smith, no doubt Mr. Redmond, and all other leaders of his people, would have been consistently violent. Happily she possessed also a Gladstone, a Morley, an Asquith, a Lloyd George. But a word must be said about this supposed dishonesty in words and in tactics. For in truth Mr. Redmond's attitude was straightforward beyond most of the attitudes that we have seen in the tortuous path of politics.

He entered Parliament in 1881 as member for New Ross and as a resolute supporter of Parnell. The motto of his party was almost that of Danton, *De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.* It was a grim epoch in Irish affairs, an epoch which those who live in a sunnier time should not too constantly revive, but which must be known by any one who would appreciate the forces which went to the making of Mr. Redmond. The country was ablaze with the Land League. The horrors of the Irish agricultural system had hardly been touched by the remedial act of 1870, for, as Lord Morley has just reminded us, British legislators then knew less about Irish land than a good many of them knew about the distress of Athenian farmers in the time of Solon. There was still no such thing as a court to fix judicial rents, no power in the south or west to sell a tenant-right, scarcely any option for the farmer except to keep his holding on any terms which landlord rapacity might prescribe. As Nassau Senior once put it, from the unbiassed standpoint of an English economist, the soil was competed for in Ireland as bread is competed for in a beleaguered town or water in an African caravan. Evictions without a shilling of compensation for improvement were proceeding everywhere, and the tenants were dying of exposure on the roadside. The difficulty, as we now know, was not so much to get Parliament to remedy this as to get members to begin to understand it.

Mr. Redmond joined a group in whose leadership the genial Isaac Butt had just been replaced by a chieftain of sterner mould. Butt had been the apostle of peaceful persuasion. Unfortunately his plea both for land reform and for a legislature in which such thorny problems could be dealt with by men on the spot had hopelessly failed. Such of his bills as escaped the House of Commons were guillotined in the Lords. His yearly motions were heard and rejected with indulgent contempt. Is it to be wondered at that, with a country bleeding to death, Parnell proposed to cease talking and have recourse to action? The Land League was formed, and the sinister word "boycott" was introduced into our language from one of the first cases, that of Captain Boycott, to which the new method was applied. The principle was that if any one accepted a farm from which another had been cruelly evicted, the men of the district would combine against him. No storekeeper would sell him goods, no laborer would work at his harvest, no blacksmith would shoe his horses, no postman would deliver his mail. It was a holding-up, if you will, of civilized institutions. Good Liberals across the Channel denounced it as an encroachment on personal liberty. But these good Liberals had not been tenants in Clare or Sligo. No doubt there were lamentable outrages as the campaign went on; but, as in the French Revolution, it was unfair to think only of the outrages of revolt and forget the manifold outrages of the *ancien régime.*

It was from his experience in those dark days that Mr. Redmond derived the creed he preached at first, the creed that no reliance must be placed on persuading either a British Parliament or a British electorate, and that Ireland's only hope lay in compulsion. Every one could see that, while Butt had been laughed at, Parnell was thrilling the kingdom. The method had been effective. If some fiery phrases, learned at that time, have overflowed into Mr. Redmond's later oratory, is it wonderful that they should have so persisted? Nor should we be surprised that on the melancholy collapse of Parnell his young lieutenant thought of national achievement rather than of family morals, any more than that the English people should forget the name of Lady Hamilton when they recall the Nelson of the Nile and of Trafalgar.

With milder times came a milder tone. The dead leader was not of the stupid and vindictive class who keep living amid bygone grievances when bygone wrongs have been repented of. Land measures of thorough justice, and even of no slight generosity, won their place on the statute book. The case for Ireland's self-government was being more and more sympathetically appreciated by the British people. Mr. Redmond responded with all the eagerness of his race.

It was then that he had to confront that array of circumstances which made the most searching demand upon his leadership, and under which his vast powers were most fully revealed. He had to proclaim to Ireland that a new temper was abroad in British administration. He had to teach his countrymen, who had been so long alien from imperial ideas, that an imperialism in which they and every other small nation could honorably share now reigned in high places. The task was indeed congenial to him, for he had always hated the thought that an Empire which Irish effort had done so much to build could not attract the loyalty of Irish hearts. But it was an immense task. The skepticism of old agitators died hard, and in some quarters—as we have too good reason to know—it refused to die at all. His own former words might be quot-

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ed against him. The inadequacies of any projected scheme of Home Rule were used to discredit British sincerity. The baser spirits of the Opposition were lying in wait to exploit Ulster fanaticism. But Mr. Redmond never faltered. He carried with him the great bulk of his party. He made trust in British good faith once more an article of the Irish creed. To his eager encouragement it is in no small measure due that so many hundreds of thousands of Irishmen all over the world entered the recruiting offices of the Allies, and he had nothing but scorn for that pseudo-patriotism which would make the old oppressions of Irish nationality into a pretext for forsaking the cause in which all nationality is at stake.

If report speaks truly, the last hours of Mr. Redmond were saddened by the thought that he had lived in vain. Such misgivings, one must remember, are not characteristic of the men whose work has been really sterile; they are apt rather to visit him who has sown seed that takes time to fructify and has built foundations that are too deep to be conspicuous. Yet we can well understand what Mr. Redmond had in mind when he spoke of himself as "broken-hearted." The cataclysm of the war had upset all his calculations and looked like robbing his people of all the fruits of their long effort. The special ideals of his leadership had suffered a melancholy eclipse. He seemed to be leaving the note of controversy between Irish parties not less acrid and not less strident than he had found it. The grievances he had sought to bury were once more brandished, and the embers of ancient hate had been once more ignited. The grant of self-government which he knew to be so essential had been deferred again and again till his heart became sick. He had lived to hear fantastic nonsense preached and applauded about an Irish republic, to see his constitutional persuasion replaced by a fatuous appeal to force, and to know that he was being reviled by a section of his own followers as false to the principles that were dearer to him than life. Irish experience has presented few spectacles of more exquisite pathos than the anxiety and disappointment, the misconstruction of enemies and the disloyalty of supposed friends, the whole setting of noble but unrealized purpose, of buoyant yet ever frustrated hope, amid which so magnanimous a career has drawn to its close.

Yet who but himself could have doubted the vastness of his achievement? Under his guidance Ireland had secured at least three reforms of incalculable value, the establishment of County Councils, the Land Purchase act, and the Universities act. The first provided popular administration of county affairs; the second introduced on an immense scale the system of occupying ownership of land; the third opened for the first time a real chance of higher education for three-fourths of the Irish people. But these successes, great as they were, are not his chief glory. He altered the international feeling of two races. He obtained for Ireland a secure place in the heart of British Liberalism, and he assured to British democracy the sympathetic adhesion of his Irish followers. The disturbances, just now so menacing because so untimely, are but on the surface. Nothing can alter the fact that the battle of Home Rule is won. The opposition has been quietly but very thoroughly undermined by that patient propagandism, not in Great Britain alone, but throughout the world, in which Mr. Redmond set forth his country's case at the tribunal of world justice. There is not a self-governing Dominion in the British Empire which has not raised its voice in reinforcement of the Irish plea. Within the last few years great London journals, formerly so truculent in their hostility—powerful organs like the *Times* and the *Observer*—have bowed before the inevitable. The steadfast brotherhood between Ireland's representatives and the spokesmen of British Labor will not be shaken. Even in the strife-torn island itself the dawn may be nearer than the cynic dreams. Mr. Redmond's brother, who fell in the great advance on the Somme, was carried to his resting-place by soldiers of the Ulster Division. It is an omen, let us trust, of the new time, when the disintegrating politicians both north and south will no longer find an audience, when Carsonite and Sinn Feiner will be alike brushed aside by those who have ideals far beyond them both. To the work of Mr. John Redmond, more than to that of any other man whom this generation has seen, will be ascribed the honor of the great reconcilement.

Of what he was in private life, in the domestic circle, and in the fellowship of his intimates, those have spoken who know. As we read the affectionate tribute of his old friends like Mr. T. P. O'Connor and place side by side with these the image he presented to those who knew him only in the troubled arena of public affairs, may we not apply to him the moving lines of Moore on Grattan?

> Is there one who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
> But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,
> In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
> Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—
> Oh no, not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns
> Deep, deep o'er the grave where such glory is shrin'd—
> O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
> Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind.

An Original Letter of Byron

By SAMUEL C. CHEW

A LETTER of Lord Byron's, hitherto unpublished, which has but recently come into my possession, is worth printing both because it fills up a gap in Mr. Prothero's collected edition of the "Letters and Journals" and for its intrinsic interest. A number of inmates of the Debtors' Prison, led, apparently, by a certain W. J. Baldwin, were desirous of having a petition against Lord Redesdale's Insolvent Debtors Act presented to Parliament. It was arranged that Romilly should present the petition in the House of Commons, and Baldwin wrote to Byron requesting him to present it in the House of Lords. Byron refused to do so, and Baldwin sent a second letter to him, urging him to reconsider his decision. In his Journal for November 14, 1813, Byron wrote: "I have declined presenting the Debtors' Petition, being sick of Parliamentary mummeries. I have spoken thrice; but I doubt my ever becoming an orator. My first was liked; the second and third—I don't know whether they succeeded or not. I have never yet set to it *con amore;*—one must have some excuse to one's self for laziness, or inability, or both, and this is mine." The next day, November 15, the petition was presented to the Lords by Lord Holland, whom, Mr. Prothero thinks, Byron probably induced to take up the question. Baldwin seems to have written to Byron a third time, for in the Journal for December 1 there is the following entry: "Baldwin is boring me to present their King's Bench petition. . . . But 'I am not i' th' vein' for this business. . . . Baldwin is very importunate—but, poor fellow, 'I can't get out, I can't get out—said the starling.' Ah, I am as bad as

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that dog Sterne, who preferred whining over 'a dead ass to relieving a living mother'—villain—hypocrite—slave—sycophant! but *I* am no better. Here I cannot stimulate myself to a speech for the sake of these unfortunates . . . Curse on Rochefoucault for always being right!" The poor petitioner, who complained among other things that the prisoners were confined in a room without either fires or glass in the windows in the middle of winter, did not give up easily the hope of enlisting Byron's support, for a final entry in the Journal on December 6 reads: "Another scribble from Martin Baldwin [*sic*] the petitioner; I have neither head nor nerves to present it." Mr. Prothero informs us that the letters from Baldwin to Byron have been preserved and adds that "Byron seems to have refused to present the petition from diffidence." No letters from Byron to Baldwin are included in Mr. Prothero's volumes, the definitive edition, nor have any been published elsewhere. The one referred to in the Journal on November 14, 1813, I have acquired through an agent who obtained it from an English family in whose possession, as it seems likely from the fact of its having been lost sight of and from the fact that it was formerly an "album specimen," it may have been for several generations. It is octavo in size, written on three pages, the fourth blank. Its chief importance is the additional evidence that it affords of Byron's liberal and sympathetic attitude towards the reform of legal abuses. Students of Byron will recall the parallel instance of his attack upon Catholic disabilities. The text of the letter follows.

Nov. 14th 1813—

Sir

It is with considerable regret that I repeat—the shortness of the notice (even if I remained in town which I hardly believe I can accomplish at present) would not permit me to do more than *present* the petition. Upon the principle itself—the question at issue on the *confinement* of debtors as far as regards the rights of humanity and the social compact—my mind is fully made up—but the minor grievances—the various though I doubt not well grounded subjects of complaint which I conjecture will form a considerable portion of the petition—I have not had leisure to examine—nor opportunity to collect.—I confess to you that I have not the "copia fandi" nor quickness of comprehension sufficient to enable me at a few hours notice to do justice to a subject which I regard as of too much importance to hazard the interests of the petitioners by a premature & precipitate pressure of the question upon the legislature—if I were indifferent to the interests of others—or confident in my own powers—I should hold a different language.—I have read your address—and I have read it with a hope almost—for the sake of those to [*sic*] whom it is uttered—that their situation is less grievous than it would [an erasure, illegible] lead me to believe—not that I have any reason to doubt the statement—except the wish that in this—or in any country—such oppression had never existed. — — — —

I have the honour to be
very sincerely
yr obedt.
& very hbe. Sert.
Byron

To
W. Baldwin, Esqre.
&c. &c. &c.

Foreign Correspondence

I. Reconstruction Problems

By HERBERT W. HORWILL

THE catchword of the moment is undoubtedly Reconstruction. Not even Mesopotamia—I mean, of course, the Biblical Mesopotamia of the story, not the Mesopotamia of the War Office reports—is a more "blessed" word of comfort to those who are perplexed and anxious about the national outlook. Things may be all awry to-day, but Reconstruction is going to set everything right presently. All the cranks who have special prescriptions of their own for bringing about a new heaven and a new earth, all the ingenious minds that are working out short cuts to the millennium, are alive to the opportunity they expect it to give them. There is no imaginable innovation that seems outside of its range. Every one who has a plan for a new agricultural machine or for a new subject in the school curriculum sees his chance of getting his project realized under cover of the word Reconstruction. Panaceas are at a premium, and, if only a tithe of them come to anything, the England that will be created after the war will be a more wonderful country than any Utopia of the most sanguine visionary.

There will not be necessary, of course, any kind of physical reconstruction on such a scale as will be required in Northern France, or Belgium, or Poland. Within the tight little island there is no devastated area to be restored to civilized conditions. Even so, the task of bringing back land and property to pre-war conditions of efficiency will be a bigger task than many people reckon on. There is a great deal of leeway to be made up in the matter of repairs.

But the task that is contemplated when the term is used is of a different kind. It is to create a new political, industrial, and social world—even a new ecclesiastical world, for Anglicans are keenly interested in the rapid progress of their "Life and Liberty" movement, and Nonconformists are busy with schemes for a closer union of their various denominations. Political reconstruction has already begun with the passing of the Representation of the People act. There are other constitutional problems, not so immediately pressing, that will require a great deal of thinking out. The old Cabinet system has been scrapped, and no permanent substitute for it has been suggested. When the need that brought the War Cabinet into existence has come to an end, how will the Government be carried on? Further, the relation of the Dominions to the Imperial Government will have to be revised as soon as we get back to steady workaday conditions.

It is on the reconstitution of things economic, industrial, and social that most intellectual energy is being expended. A special Ministry, assisted by scores of committees, has been officially set up to take these matters in hand. The press has been teeming with books, pamphlets, reports, and magazine and newspaper articles on the innumerable topics that come within its range.

Yet one cannot escape the conviction that a good many of these architectural plans, so carefully elaborated, are for castles in the air. Everything is so obviously hypothetical. Before you can build, you must have some sort of foundation, and who knows what basis for a lasting edifice will be left when the war is over? The example of Russia is a clear warning that nothing must be taken for granted. "A League of Ruined Nations?" is the headline

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of an editorial in one of the weekly papers of to-day's date. If, as the writer of that article suggests, conditions after the war "will be far too chaotic for the introduction of a League of Nations," will they not be also too chaotic for any stable rebuilding in any one of the belligerent nations of Europe? We cannot foretell as yet either what will be left of the old social order when the international struggle is over, or what materials will be available for the construction of a new one. Will there be a period of confusion approximating to anarchy as soon as there comes a relaxation of the pressure of war demands which now welds conflicting elements of the national life into unity? Will there be a boom in trade immediately peace is declared, or a general commercial collapse? Is the truth with Sidney Webb, when he predicts a widespread famine, or with Sir R. H. Rew, when he assures us that these fears are chimerical? Will the character of the peace settlement be such as to compel the absorption of more men and money than ever in the maintenance of military establishments, or will the burden of armaments be removed once for all? What means will be taken to pay off war debts, and what will be their effect upon production? The coat must be cut according to the cloth, and no present estimate of the number of yards that will be at the disposal of the tailor is better than a mere guess. In some details it is admitted by everybody that the hopes of a return to the *status quo* that were entertained earlier in the war will have to be frankly abandoned. For instance, a restoration of the previous trade-union customs, though solemnly promised by the Government, is now seen to be out of the question. The war has affected too great an industrial dislocation, and the Government's pledges to Labor can be redeemed only by some method of compensation for the lost privileges. A further point, by no means negligible, is commonly overlooked. Nobody knows what views will be held on all these matters by the very people who have the first claim to be heard—the men now serving at the front. Such opinions as are occasionally elicited from them or have been expressed by those who have already returned suggest that their decisions may be disappointing to civilian theorists who have been elaborating their plans in armchairs at home. It is reported, for example, that the comments made by many disabled soldiers on the schemes for their future training and employment have been most discouraging to the inventors. After all, it is of no use to prescribe what they shall do unless they are willing to do it.

Even if there supervenes upon the war no period of confusion to make havoc of all the preparations, the situation will be complicated, at best, by another factor that may prove very troublesome. In one way or another the work of the world will have to be carried on without a break, and many of the plans suggested for the construction of the new order allow for no difficulties of transition, but seem to assume that we shall be able to pass from the old world into the new by one sudden and simultaneous jump. At the end of a war of exhaustion, the general community may possibly be too tired for so stupendous an athletic feat.

Again, most of the discussions of the problems of reconstruction deal with them as though they could be kept in watertight compartments. You will hear some particular topic debated as though it stood quite by itself and were entirely unrelated to other issues. If a speaker is addressing himself, for instance, to the question of the reorganization of industry, he is quite likely to preface his speech by remarking that he intends to confine himself to industrial affairs only, and will leave on one side all projects for social reform. But in practice such segregation, however logical, will be impossible. The relations of capital and labor must inevitably be affected by any social reforms that are carried out. Better housing for the worker and the provision of new educational opportunities for his children will naturally make a considerable difference to the extent and character of his demands upon the employer. At any rate, every improvement in social conditions will be bound to influence the tone and temper of any controversy that may arise on purely industrial matters. If the worker in the congested centres of population is able to secure for himself and his family a more decent and commodious dwelling, not stinted in light and air, and supplemented by a bit of land on which he can continue to practice his newly acquired art of potato-growing, he will not, it is true, accept this betterment of his home as a substitute for what he conceives to be his just claims within the factory, but, at any rate, when these claims have to be presented, he will put them forward in a mood very different from that which has too often baffled the best efforts at conciliation.

London, March 23

II. Dutch and German Socialists

By A. J. BARNOUW

"IT is not the German Government that has crossed Karl Minster's work so much as the Social-Democrats of the Scheidemann type." These words were spoken by a German friend of Minster's at an indignation meeting in Amsterdam. I wonder whether the case of Karl Minster is sufficiently known to the American reader. He was the editor of *Der Tag*, a revolutionary weekly published in German at Amsterdam. Against this fierce antagonist of the Prussian system a despicable plot was hatched by a gang of German spies, who succeeded in catching him in their trap. On December 11 he travelled to Kerkrade, a Dutch village on the German frontier, where he was to receive, out of the hands of a woman, a letter from his comrade Haase, the leader of the Socialist minority in Germany. The frontier at Kerkrade is formed by the Worm, a narrow river whose banks are connected by a bridge of about five yards' length. On the middle of this bridge a wooden partition has been erected, with a door in the centre just wide enough to let one man pass through. On this bridge, at the moment of his receiving the stalking-letter from the woman, Minster was attacked from behind by her accomplice who had been hiding in a house on the Dutch side of the bridge. This scoundrel, assisted by four other individuals, dragged his victim through the narrow door into the German fatherland, where he is now awaiting his doom. The Wolff Bureau has published an official denial of this version. Minster, it says, was not arrested on Dutch territory, but after he had crossed the frontier, and he was not confined as a political agitator against the German Government, but on a charge of espionage. The improbability of this denial is palpable; Minster knows his Prussians too well to risk his freedom by overstepping the border line, and as to the charge of espionage, 'ful sooth is seyd, algate I finde it trewe,' Give a dog a bad name and hang him. It was of course *Der Tag* that had to be eclipsed. But although that light has failed, another has risen in its stead; *Michel im Sumpf* is the name of a new German weekly edited by Hugo Delmes at Amster-

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dam, which in satirical prose and verse and in coarsely designed cartoons gives vent to the choked-up feelings that stir in many a German heart. The House of Hohenzollern and Philip Scheidemann are the chief targets of Hugo Delmes's sarcasm. In one of his cartoons the Socialist leader appears as a chained monkey dancing to the rhythm of military music and whipped on by the showman Hindenburg. "Philip, Philip," runs the coarse legend, "the revolutionary louse on thy pate will from fear of Hindenburg's thumb never see the light of this world." And on the opposite page is seen the prophetic counterpart to this picture: the monkey caught in the tight clutches of a soldier and a workman, and under it these verses:

O Scheidemann
Nun leide man!
Die Faust der Proleten,
Der Schuh der Soldaten,
Die werden dich treten
Für all deine Taten.

Will Herr Scheidemann's recent rebellious attitude, his unexpected solidarity with the strikers, secure his rehabilitation in the eyes of the German proletariat? The object of this move seems too perspicuous to deceive anybody. The leader disclaims any responsibility for the outbreak of the strike, but he would betray the interests of the people whose chosen spokesman he still regards himself if their action, by his refusal to take its control in hand, were to end in an absolute failure. Thus he cleverly saves his own skin whatever the issue may be: if the attempt proves abortive, he cannot be blamed—he never started this foolish action—and if it is crowned with success, it cannot be said of him that he stood aside when the ideals he had preached were being realized. But it is questionable whether Herr Scheidemann devoutly wishes a victory that would in the first instance be due to the spontaneous rising of the masses. Revolution has long since ceased to be the cry of the true-bred German Socialist leader. Subordination must be, if not to the Prussian Government, in any case to the people's representatives in the Reichstag. Hence such revolutionary agitators as Minster and Delmes see their bitterest enemy in the officially recognized Labor leader whom they suspect of being less concerned with the interests of the proletariat than with the extension of their political power.

A suggestive portrait of the ambitious politician in Socialist disguise is given in a recent novel by Heinrich Mann. "Die Armen" (the poor) it is called, a new version of the oft-told tale of the eternal feud between the employer and the employed. Herr Hessling, the employer, struck by a defiant attitude of his workpeople, fears an impending strike. To avert that catastrophe he has recourse to one of his former employees, the great Socialist member of the Reichstag, Napoleon Fischer. "The old, honest revolutionary knows me," soliloquizes the capitalist. The farce is played with skill by the wily parliamentarian. On leaving the train, he has in an empty waiting-room an interview with Herr Hessling to receive from him his clue. "I want your help, Fischer. This is not the first time that we must cover up some dirt together." Napoleon Fischer visits the canteen and addresses the men. But Herr Hessling appears to have been mistaken in his surmise that a strike is impending. Some other michief is brewing, but of what nature he cannot discover. Fischer, however, knows which man is the ringleader, an ambitious workman who studies Latin and is being coached for the university. This man he accosts in the street late that evening and tries to win his confidence by venting noble and exalted feelings. "Everything, be it great or small, has its development according to unshakable, scientific laws, on which our party rests." "Rests indeed," the other repeats with a sneer. "Everything has its historical growth," Fischer goes on. "We need not force it. Capitalism will die its natural death and we shall be its heirs." With verbiage of this sort the old fox worries the impatiently listening comrade into betraying, in a fit of passion, the secret cause of the disturbance. The next day the ringleader is confined in a hospital, under pretext of suffering from mental derangement. The struggle of the proletariat against the employer proves a lost battle since the chosen spokesman of the workpeople has become the secret ally of the capitalist. Then comes the war. "Russia! that is the enemy! France! England! there he lurks! Who thinks now of Hessling? Against him we were powerless, with him then against those who attack us! Victory beckons us yonder! War must be that ultimately the poor may grasp the happiness which the struggle of life could not bring them! Hessling pays up to 80 per cent. of our wages to the families of the men that are called. He must have foreseen this war long ago, he had his new plant fixed in time, he can now make ammunition!"

These words, with which the story closes, reveal by what illusions the working people, at the outbreak of the war, were led on by their own leaders. The happiness which the Marxian war of classes had failed to give them could be won by the war of nations. Employer and employed united against the foreign enemy, "ein einiges Volk von Brüdern" destined, according to unshakable scientific laws, to become "das einzige Volk von Herrschern." And the Labor members of the Reichstag would in the new Germanized world see their own power aggrandized accordingly. Hence no truer supporters of the Hohenzollern dynasty than Scheidemann and Ebert and Lensch and Kolb and Quark and Landberg. In Grumbach's interesting book, "Das annexionistische Deutschland," the imperialistic utterances of these *Genossen* have been collected, that posterity may know by what ambitious hopes they were led to betray the welfare of the working classes. And these men would whole-heartedly support a revolutionary movement which would bring victory and glory to the Liebknechts and the Minsters imprisoned by the Government that they upheld! The editor of *Michel im Sumpf* refuses to believe it. This is how Hugo Delmes imagines Genosse Philip Scheidemann on the first day of the strike:

> He stood in front of the Reichstag. A reporter of the Wolff Bureau approached him to learn his opinion of the situation. He elicited from Herr Scheidemann the admission that he sided unconditionally with the minority, and that the strike was simply the natural consequence of his late speech in the Reichstag. The journalist, the son of truth, departed, and the Imperial Chancellor, the father of Truth, appeared on the scene. With a friendly greeting he accosted Herr Scheidemann: "Well, my dear Philip, how is the farce progressing?" "We have hit it off to a nicety together. We could not have chosen a more suitable moment." "But what if the mob were to take the revolution in dead earnest?" "What are you thinking of, Excellency! It is only a manœuvre of the Government Socialists arranged at the express request of the Government!"

There is a striking resemblance between the Napoleon Fischer of Mann's novel and Philip Scheidemann as seen through the spectacles of a German revolutionary.

The Hague, February 4

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III. Goncourt Literature

By STODDARD DEWEY

THE famous Goncourt Prize has been awarded for the fifteenth year to an unknown author. The first of these prize writers has just died, unknown still save for the choice made of his book by the Goncourt Academy fifteen years ago. When the endowment from which this annual prize is paid was contested in court, the judge pronounced: "Rarely has a testator manifested his will more firmly and clearly." The will of the Goncourt brothers destined the prize "to remunerate a work of imagination—the best novel, the best collection of short stories, the best volume of impressions, the best volume of imagination in prose, and exclusively in prose, published within the year." The successive volumes distinguished by the prize ought to impress on us the direction French literary imagination is taking year by year—so far, at least, as the Ten of the Goncourt Academy who award the prize discern the way. They, too, by the words of the will, "must be men of letters, nothing but men of letters."

For four years all the prizes have gone to war writers. So runs the world away, and human imagination with it. The only Goncourt Prize book that has won universal reputation is "Le Feu" ("Under Fire"), by Henri Barbusse. It stirred Germany herself to praise, which is ominous. Perhaps it has not been taken as a "volume of imagination in prose," just as John Addington Symonds found late that Zola was an idealist. An American woman, whose competence is in a life facing realities while reading works of imagination, volunteers her impression: "I am reading 'Le Feu,' by Barbusse, but do not like the spirit of it at all. It may be a true picture of life at the front, and there are vivid descriptions. I hate the spirit that writes against war as if there were not a difference between those who force it and those who defend their own. Also, it is morbid to dwell entirely on the discomforts and never a word of the glory of the cause."

This may be a commonplace of sense and patriotism siding with the French, who, it should be said, are perhaps less impressionable after their four years' hardening to war. But in literature this present feeling is the identical aspiration of seventy years since when Arthur Hugh Clough, for Italy fighting through the years to freedom, was uttering thought the most advanced:

> You said (oh not in vain you said),
> "Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
> The hours ebb fast of this one day
> When blood may yet be nobly shed."
>
> Ah! not for idle hatred, not
> For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
> But for the glory of the cause,
> You did, what will not be forgot.
>
> And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
> By force and fortune's right he stands;
> By fortune, which is in God's hands,
> And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

The day before yesterday Adolphe Smith recalled to me that it was the forty-seventh anniversary of the outbreak of the Commune at the end of that other war against Germany. He has the right to speak of it pertinently

> ——cujus ego quondam pars quotacumque fui.

On that sunny day between foreign and civil war he stood in the Mairie at Montmartre when they came to announce the shooting, not far down the street, of two generals, which began the outbreak. The Mayor was Georges Clemenceau, who was then young, as is the Goncourt prizeman of this year, and who is now old and more than Mayor for all France. Said the impenitent Communist: "Do you know what seems to me the truest book on the Commune? It is that of the Margueritte brothers"—sons of a general. One of them, Paul, has been a Goncourt Academician from the first. Now, the truth at which the Marguerittes aimed in their books was to rectify the unnaturally intense and sadly incomplete lights and shadows of Zola's "Débâcle."

This year's prize has gone to one of our Paris newspaper men, who, like Barbusse, has had his fill of war. But his book ostentatiously puts forward the work of imagination—dialogues of Remembrance and Love and Death—with only lightning flashes of reality, aiming at no other completeness than continuity of emotion. So it contrasts with the book of Henri Barbusse, who has been "under fire," and with that of Romain Rolland, who has not. None of them gives that human sense of true reality—the day by day of a soldier's life in its ebb and flow—which is found in the two books of Paul Lintier that are the loving diary of his cannon, at which he met his death.

Henri Malherbe, who has the prize which Paul Lintier did not win, had the newspaper training of the theatrical reporter behind the scenes to aid his pretty talent for imaginative writing. The Goncourt brothers brought into French literature a new kind of writing. It was of a piece with certain art tendencies of their day, not the laboriously exact and colored expression of Flaubert, but an exasperated utterance of sensibilities too keen. Zola had little of either, not having style, but a process. While it can hardly be said that all the Goncourt prizemen have fulfilled the Goncourt ideal of writing, yet all show a certain exasperation, even when not quite definitely aimed, in their utterance.

> I have been here before,
> But when or how I cannot tell;
> I know the grass beyond the door,
> The sweet keen smell,
> The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

I have not translated Henri Malherbe's title—"La Flamme au Poing"—for the flame that is in the closed fist can only be nowadays the potential flame of the hand grenade. Here is the last paragraph of his book:

> In the tumult of our leaps and bounds, I have taken emotions and dreams, haphazard, as they allure me. I have tried to hold and imprison, in heavily drawn lines, our actual life—captive, loaded down with odd frippery, cruel, full of tears and hallucinations, which I should like to drag on to the future monotony.

That is the question—what is the future monotony to be when the world is home from the war? After Waterloo there came the literature of Béranger and Victor Hugo and Montalembert, ending in Louis Veuillot (whose name the Goncourts wrote in their original list for an Academy) and Alfred de Musset. After Sedan, there was Zola, and Naturalism for a time, and then the enduring Paul Bourget and his like or—*sic parvis componere magna solebam*—"Queechy," the everlasting best-seller, through all wars in America, and Miss Cummings's "Lamplighter" in its French translation in France! Who shall predict the exact nature of the revival in letters and art—outward correspondences of an inward evolution—after this upheaval of war?

Paris, March 23

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The Radiant

By CLEMENT WOOD

WHEN this body drifts in dust
Lightly on the nervous air,
Vagabonding everywhere
In this restless planet's crust,

Wet by foam of every sea,
Dancing up the thinning sky
To its terrible and high
Journey through infinity—

When it softly voyages
Past the outermost lone star,
On to what dim wonders are
In the spaceless distances,

It shall never lose the zest
That is mine by night and day,
As I push my groping way
On life's fogged and clouded quest;

It shall never waste or lose
The illogical delight
That is mine by day and night,
As I steer my chartless cruise;

Or the love that fires me through,
Or the hope that lifts my eyes
Higher than the present skies,
Toward the goal I struggle to.

When this spirit makes its way
Scatteringly further still,
It shall bear the deathless will
That I build—and bear—to-day!

Correspondence

A Scholar and Poet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We are so accustomed to think of scholarship as confined to our universities that it is a matter of surprise to many to learn that sometimes on the faculties of our small colleges there have been, and still are, scholars of real distinction.

Such a one was Prof. Henry Johnson, for some years the senior member of the faculty of Bowdoin College, who died in Brunswick on February 7 last. He spent his whole life at Bowdoin, and perhaps in consequence of this his scholarly attainments are not so generally known as they should be. He was one of the first of those Americans who early in the 80's took their degree at the University of Berlin, then a rather notable achievement. His chair at Bowdoin was the Longfellow professorship of modern languages, but his activities were by no means confined to the duties connected with that office. He had long been interested in Shakespeare. In 1888 he edited a critical edition of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and since then has often been employed on Shakespearean text criticism. Among his papers there are several interesting emendations which as literary executor I hope shortly to publish. The professor of English in one of our leading universities, who has the reputation of being one of the foremost Shakespearean scholars of the country, said once that Professor Johnson had more exact knowledge of the problems of Shakespearean text than any other man he knew. Of late years he has been concerned very largely with Dante studies, and his translation of the "Divine Comedy," 1915, brought among other tributes a letter from Pio Rajna, the famous Florentine scholar, in which he wrote: "This translation seems to me truly excellent; and it never has happened to me that, in reading the 'Commedia' translated into any language, the original has continually sounded in my ears as it has here."

Professor Johnson also wrote some original poetry of high merit. In addition to his literary labors he was the director of the Bowdoin Museum of Fine Arts and after many years had the satisfaction of having introduced into the curriculum a course in the history of art. At Bowdoin College he occupied much the same position as did Charles Eliot Norton at Harvard. He taught undergraduates not only French and art, but a correct view of life. What is here worth recording is the fact that such a trained scholar, not a merely a specialist, but one whose learning was part and parcel of the man himself, preferred to accomplish his literary and scholarly work in the atmosphere of a small college, believing that he had more liberty than in a university and trusting to himself for scholarly incentive.

KENNETH C. M. SILLS

Brunswick, Me., March 16

An Economist and Patriot

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Long before the great war began, Prof. Carleton H. Parker struggled courageously and with fundamental insight to help his country achieve that unity which is so necessary for us to-day in our crusade to make the world safe for democracy. His lectures at the University of California and the University of Washington shocked his placid undergraduates out of their instinctive ignorance and their passion for conformity. While sentimentalists talked about the Melting Pot and shut their eyes, and while cynics cunningly herded our immigrants together in illiterate groups, that their helplessness might hinder their progress and their Americanization, to the gain of their exploiters, Professor Parker left his academic seclusion to mingle with barbaric and justly defiant groups of migratory laborers in California, to settle disputes in Arizona, to sleep in the camps of the lumberjacks of the Northwest and find out whether their demands were really as outrageous as the metropolitan newspapers asserted. He angered the I. W. W.'s, business men, and professors. He was loved by I. W. W.'s, business men, and professors. His boyishness, generosity, geniality, and fearlessness always won in the end. As a governmental arbitrator he fought tirelessly to help his country, and he died fighting, overworked, the victim of pneumonia.

Academic men in America have, as a class, failed to round out their duty by establishing a connection between the universities and the world of affairs, particularly the world of proletarian affairs. But some day Americans will appreciate a little group of academicians who combine in a unique

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way devotion to reform and scientific objectivity: men like John R. Commons, Thorstein Veblen, Robert Franklin Hoxie, who died untimely, and Carleton H. Parker, cut off the youngest of them all. The creed of these men is succinctly phrased by Professor Hoxie: "The main reason for teaching, to me, is to open the students' minds to the possibility of questioning the fundamentals of current thinking. I want to turn out men who cannot be led naïvely by current judgments, but who will subject these judgments to tests based on the validity of their underlying assumptions—in short, socially sophisticated men."

In spite of the brevity of his public career, Carleton Parker leaves a devoted group of men and women, old and young, who hold it their duty to continue the work which he made so important to them. They are not all economists, but workmen, business men, musicians, literary men, schoolgirls, biologists, philosophers. My own case, that of an unprofessional follower, may serve as a typical illustration. As a teacher of literature I had floundered by myself to that state of unregulated humanitarianism in which I could appreciate John Ruskin's cry: "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky . . . has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination ever interprets too bitterly." It was Carleton Parker who gave focus to this humanitarianism. He taught me that indignation and eagerness were compatible with patience and geniality; he taught me to curtail ethical and æsthetic vagaries; he showed me that I could devote myself most directly to the cause of art by devoting myself to economic and philosophical study, to the furtherance of industrial democracy. He is dead, but his friends will always remember his fighting gayety and will see to it that his work, only begun with his death, shall go on.

HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY

Berkeley, Cal., March 22

Letters of Percival Lowell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of a biography of the late Percival Lowell, it is requested that any one possessing letters of his will be kind enough to lend them to G. R. Agassiz, 14 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. All letters lent will be promptly copied and returned.

G. R. AGASSIZ

April 9

As Our English Cousins See Us at Table

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent issue of an English weekly devoted to serious matters and edited by a well-known English economist and internationalist who makes something of a specialty of information about foreign affairs, the following item appeared under the caption "Uses of Indian Corn":

"Americans are often surprised at the limited use in Great Britain of Indian corn, whether green or dried, as human food. In the United States corn-cobs are a favorite vegetable among all classes of the community, while maize enters largely into the dietary of the people."

VERNON KELLOGG

Washington, D. C., April 12

Economics or Larceny

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In 1800, when wheat sold in England for 113s. per quarter, a quartern loaf of bread was bought for 1s. 9d. The cost of the pound of bread was approximately 3 1-10 per cent. of the cost of the bushel of wheat. In 1918 in the United States the cost of the pound of bread is approximately 4 1-10 per cent. of the cost of the bushel of wheat. Why this increase? Labor? But what of advantage gained by machinery?

Is the change due to a rigid application of the science of economics or to a rigid application of the science of larceny?

LUCIAN S. TILTON

Washington, D. C., April 8

BOOKS

Zurbarán

Francisco de Zurbarán: His Epoch, his Life, and his Works. By José Cascales y Muñoz. Translated from the Spanish by Nellie Seelye Evans. New York: Privately printed. $10.

FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN has added to his series of "privately printed" monographs on art this translation of the only book ever devoted to the life and works of the Spanish painter, contemporary of Velasquez and Murillo, Francisco de Zurbarán. Like everything which bears Mr. Sherman's imprint, this edition, apparently limited to three hundred and ten copies, is beautifully printed and well illustrated.

So little is really known about the life of Zurbarán that Sr. Cascales y Muñoz has been rather put to it to find matter for a substantial volume. His first chapter, entitled "Legends," is devoted to the demolition of certain tales which have passed current in lieu of biography. In their place he has been able to put very little. Zurbarán was born in Fuente de Cantos, in Estramadura, in 1598, and was baptized on the sixth of November. His father's name was Luis de Zurbarán and his mother's Isabel Márquez, so that it is far from clear how he came by the name he used, Zurbarán Salazar. On the fifteenth of January, 1614, he was apprenticed for three years to Pedro Diaz de Villanueva, of Seville, "painter of images," of whom nothing else seems to be known. He exercised his profession with such success that, in 1629, the Council of Seville requested him to return to that city and to continue his residence there, but "without salary or aid for his expenses." He was twice married and had daughters, but how many is uncertain. He seems to have been in Madrid in 1650 and probably at other times, and to have been alive as late as 1664. When he died we do not know.

The discussion of these meagre facts and of the evidence for them fills Sr. Muñoz's third chapter. The fourth is devoted to a detailed survey of the artist's works, and the fifth to a somewhat monotonous citation of the various criticisms of the painter by almost every one who has written on Spanish art. Very few of them were worth reprinting, nor are Sr. Muñoz's own opinions, as given in the sixth and last chapter and elsewhere, of any great importance. However competent as an investigator and recorder of facts, he is not an illuminating critic.

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The real interest of the book is in its illustrations. Here are gathered reproductions, for the most part admirably executed, of some sixty-two of Zurbarán's works, and with these before one, and one's memory of the few original paintings which one who has not travelled in Spain may have seen here or there, one is in a position, for the first time, to form a judgment of the artist for one's self, and one may neglect what has been written. Whether the affording of this opportunity is altogether a benefit to the painter is another question. The richly illustrated monograph, like the one-man show or the memorial exhibition, is often the severest test of a reputation. In this case it becomes a revelation of the essential mediocrity of an artist who had seemed an interesting possibility as long as one knew him by a few isolated examples.

Zurbarán has been thought to be a typically Spanish painter by his combination of deep religious fervor with unbending realism. But taking the bulk of his work, as here shown, we can see very little evidence of religious emotion in the artist. He painted immaculate conceptions or monks in ecstasy, to be sure, because these were the subjects demanded of him, but he seems to us to have painted them exactly as he might have painted anything else and as he did paint portraits—conscientiously, painstakingly, quite unfeelingly, with no more of the ardor that Murillo does suggest than of that painter's floridity and cleverness. And his realism is as second-rate as his sentiment. Sr. Muñoz objects to his being called "the Spanish Caravaggio" on the ground that he owed nothing to Caravaggio and may never have seen any of his works. That he was influenced by Ribera, and, therefore, indirectly by Caravaggio, there can, however, be little doubt. Our own objection to the nickname would be that it implies a crushing comparison. Both Caravaggio and Ribera were men of brutal power—Zurbarán was a tame and patient student. He is as unideal as they and far more commonplace, copying his heads from the model and his draperies from the lay-figure as well as he could, but with no more character and life than sublimity or beauty. His best things are his portraits, and one of the best of these is that of a Dominican monk in our own Hispanic Museum. Perhaps his worst is the incredibly stumpy and vulgar Crucifixion in a private collection in Seville.

According to Sr. Muñoz, modern criticism gives to Zurbarán The Adoration of the Shepherds, in the English National Gallery, long considered an early Velasquez. If modern criticism were right, the loss to Velasquez would be relatively slight, while the gain to Zurbarán would be enormous, but we cannot believe that it is right. No doubt there is a considerable analogy between the work of Velasquez in his Sevillan period and that which Zurbarán was doing in the same city and at the same time. It is even quite possible that the Virgin in the National Gallery picture is painted from the same model as that in the other Adoration of the Shepherds, by Zurbarán, in the possession of the Countess of Paris. If so, it only marks the more clearly the immeasurable superiority of the picture in the National Gallery. Neither in this second Adoration nor in any other work by Zurbarán is there anything comparable to the firm and concentrated composition and the masterful drawing of that which we must still believe to be by Velasquez. It is the more characteristic of the master that it makes no pretence of spirituality and has none of the harping and singing angels of Zurbarán's picture—is even more frankly realistic, but arrives at being grandly realistic where Zurbarán is vulgarly so. It is just the kind of work that the king of naturalists must have produced as a step towards his final mastery. Zurbarán's is a bastard work, pointing to no further attainment.

Mrs. Evans's translation gives the impression of faithfulness except, perhaps, in some technical terms, but she has not succeeded in making it read like idiomatic and original English.

Heroes of Babylonia

The Epic of Gilgamish. By Stephen Langdon. (Publications of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Babylonian Section, Volume X, No. 3.) Philadelphia.

THE Gilgamish Epic is the most noteworthy literary production of ancient Babylonia. It is taken up chiefly with the exploits of a hero of superhuman strength, to whom as a favorite figure a series of tales—some mythical, some legendary with a slight historical background—were attached. In its final form the Epic comprised twelve tablets of several hundred lines each, but out of the total number of lines up to the present only about one-half have been recovered, chiefly in the form of fragments from the great "clay" library collected by the Assyrian King Ashurbanapal (668–626 B. C.), and which was found in the remains of his palace at Nineveh by Layard about sixty years ago.

Any addition to our knowledge of this subject is to be welcomed, and such an addition is furnished by Dr. Langdon's publication of a fragment of the Babylonian version, which the University of Pennsylvania Museum is fortunate enough to possess.

The fragment belongs to the Old Babylonian period, *i. e.*, to c. 2000 B. C. In a preliminary article in the Museum Journal Dr. Langdon assigned the tablet to the Neo-Babylonian period (that is, the sixth century B. C.), but he now corrects this error of about a thousand years. The fragment deals with an early episode in the Epic, the meeting of Gilgamish with another hero, Enkidu, who turns out to be his counterpart. The two, after a hostile encounter, become friends and together proceed on their course of adventure. The new text, which contains material not covered in the Assyrian version, enables us to catch the real significance of the two heroes, but before taking up the interpretation it is necessary (though also unpleasant) to call attention to the unreliable character of Dr. Langdon's copy of this most important text. The edition is full of errors, and this applies to the transliteration and translation as well as to the copy. Fortunately, there is added to the edition a good photograph, so that one can by this means correct some of Dr. Langdon's false readings, but for others consultation of the original is required. Unless a Cuneiform Text is accurately published, it had better remain unpublished, for a bad text not only reflects on the editor, but is misleading to the small group of scholars for whom such texts are intended.

To point out these errors in detail would require a comment to almost every line. A few examples taken from the first column of the text must suffice.

The fragment opens with a dream which Gilgamish recounts to his mother. Langdon makes the hero say that he found himself "walking among omens." This is manifestly absurd, and due to the misreading of a sign. What the hero says is that he "walked among heroes."

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A few lines further on, Langdon, separating the signs in a wrong way, and also misreading them, gets an impossible rendering, "He bore a net," whereas the correct translation is "I became weak." There is nothing in the text about a net.

The following line, translated by Langdon, "I assembled the land to see," should be rendered, "The land of Uruk gathered against him."

The worst error of this column appears towards the close, where Langdon makes the writer of the fragment give utterance to so meaningless a statement as "Another axe seemed his visage." The reference is to the hero, but how can a man's face appear to be an axe? What the text says is that Gilgamish brandished the axe and showed his fury.

Such erroneous readings and absurd translations are about evenly distributed throughout the six columns of the text.

Under these circumstances, it is, of course, not surprising that Dr. Langdon misses almost every fine point in the narrative, including the main thought, which is to present Enkidu to us as the counterpart or "doublet" of Gilgamish. Both heroes are born and reared in the same place. Enkidu looks like Gilgamish, both heroes are described as "like a god," both possess superhuman strength in overcoming wild animals. On seal cylinders, Gilgamish and Enkidu are very frequently depicted together, and at times they look so much alike that it is not easy to distinguish one from the other, except that Enkidu is generally depicted with the legs of a satyr. There is one seal in particular in which one Gilgamish appears to be fighting with a second Gilgamish, so completely is the one the counterpart of the other. It is now clear from the new fragment which describes this hostile encounter of Gilgamish and Enkidu that the seal depicts this scene, and, true to the new text, represents the two heroes as exactly alike. Of the two heroes Enkidu appears to be the original and Gilgamish the copy, modelled after the former, though the Epic written to glorify Gilgamish naturally puts it the other way. The most plausible supposition to account for this "duplicate" *motif* is that there once existed an independent tale of the exploits of Enkidu which in the course of time was attached to the cyclus.

Gilgamish and Enkidu thus become the "heavenly twins" of Babylonian folk-lore. The fragment also shows how much the Epic was altered before it reached its final form as revealed in the late copies in Ashurbanapal's collection, for where this old Babylonian fragment duplicates the Assyrian version the latter is far more elaborate. In both, however, there is attached to the portrayal of Enkidu the naïve attempt to illustrate the evolution of man from his savage state in which he lives with animals and drinks and eats like an animal to the dignity of civilized life. The change is brought about through a woman who by her charms allures Enkidu away from the beasts of the fields. Enkidu and the woman form a parallel to Adam and Eve, only that in the Sumerian tale the woman raises her companion to a higher state, instead of tempting him to disobedience and bringing about his fall from divine grace. She clothes him and she leads him to eat bread and to drink wine in human fashion. In human fashion (to which it will be recalled even the pious Noah succumbs) Enkidu also becomes drunk after emptying seven goblets (wrongly translated "times" by Langdon). "His spirit became joyful, his heart became glad, and his face glowed"—a pretty accurate description of a spree.

Ferrero's Rome

A Short History of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. Vol. I, The Monarchy and the Republic. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.90 net.

FERRERO, who alone in our generation has succeeded in wedging books on ancient history into the monthly list of best-sellers, has now produced with the aid of an academic friend the first of two volumes of "A Short History of Rome." This book also will be widely read, though probably, like his previous volumes, by the wrong public. Certainly many scholars who might well profit by its numerous suggestive conjectures will thrust it aside half-skimmed, impatient at its ill-concealed errors of judgment.

Strange to say, the book, though from Ferrero's hand, strikes one as old-fashioned. There is an inordinate noise of drums and marching legions. Is this war destined to call even Ferrero back from the hue and cry after "the new history" to a renewed interest in campaigns and plans of battle? Eighteen pages of the Jugurthine war, all the marches and counter-marches of Lucullus from Bithynia to Armenia, the full details of the half-legendary campaigns of the Samnite wars—these seem just now a strange reversion in historiography. However, this tendency was always potential in Ferrero, for while his conscience has insisted upon social statistics, he has usually disclosed his impatience of the inertia of sociological descriptions by dropping them in here and there between the deeds of picturesque warriors. He has also from the beginning shown a deep interest in diplomacy, and, like most Continental historians bred in the atmosphere of secret treaties and militarism, of international rivalries and dynastic intrigues, he has fallen into the temptation of reading into the history of the naïve fumbling Roman democracy schemes and stratagems worthy of a nineteenth-century peace conference. Only a modern historian could propose the theory that Hannibal attacked Rome through fear lest Rome's conquest of the Po Valley threaten the Carthaginian sphere of influence in Spain!

Ferrero's philosophy of history also appears old-fashioned and wholly inadequate to the present theme. Fighting with the Socialists of Milan in the exciting days of the early nineties and suffering with them for the gospel of Marx, Ferrero seems to have absorbed all the catch phrases of the party, catch phrases which have since become his stock in trade upon whatsoever subject. These "panics and crises," "cries of the proletariat," and "waves of speculation" are thoroughly domesticated in the Milan and Turin of Turati and Giolitti, but what have they to do with the longbeards who plodded the furrows behind the placid oxen in Cato's day? The reader rubs his eyes and reads again when he is told that Delos was a centre of Roman trade in the early part of the second century B. C.; that the mercantile classes were then already gaining control of the state; that, before Rome even had a mint for the coinage of silver, "speculation in land" resulted in the creation of great fortunes. Of course, the source for all this is not the text of Livy, but the aprioristic fancies that have grown out of Marxian journalism. It is indeed with the aid of such prepossessions that Ferrero feels able to write pragmatic history "conveying not only a sense of succession but of evolution," as his preface obligingly informs us. But since early Roman history provided for centuries nothing but the Pontiff's hap-

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hazard jottings of isolated and unexplained incidents, Ferrero's gratuitous insertion of "economic interpretations" is so far from producing continuity that it merely makes the whole course of Roman history violently catastrophic.

The book is replete with errors despite the aid of the collaborator. The first treaty with Carthage excluded Rome from the West, not the East (p. 29). The *tribus Quirina* was not first organized in Samnium (p. 143). Rome was not an ally of Athens in 201 B. C. (p. 198). Ennius did not compose the first Roman epic nor did Pacuvius write the first Latin tragedy (p. 213). In view of the abundance of such errors and of his unscientific treatment of the early sources, Ferrero's thrust at the "critical school" of "the German universities" (p. 5) is a needless betrayal. It is still permissible, even in Italy, we hope, to follow the sane methods of Thucydides and Polybius, and to use Livy with the caution that Livy himself invites, without incurring charges of disloyalty.

The Congress of Vienna

Les dessous du Congrès de Vienne, d'aprés les documents originaux des archives du ministère impérial et royal de l'intérieure à Vienne (Bordereau, rapports et documents de la police secrète Autrichienne). By Commander W. H. Weil. Two volumes. Paris: Payot.

SOME years previous to the Great War, a Frenchman, Commandant Weil, retired, began to delve in the archives of the secret police at Vienna, among the records covering the activities of that organization when the Congress of 1814–15 was assembled in the Austrian capital. While the Emperor's guests were dining and wining and talking in jest or in earnest, the police were behind the scenes or on and off the stage, up the backstairs and at the keyholes, metaphorically and actually, unknown to the diplomats busy at the game of tossing "souls" from one frontier to another to obtain a perfect equilibrium of the European scales. The Austrian secret service, instituted by Joseph II, had been elaborated by the first Emperor of Austria, somewhat in imitation of the system used by Napoleon in Paris. For the years in question, Baron Hager was a wonderfully efficient Chief of Police and of the Censorship. His custom was to make a daily report to the Emperor of what had been seen, heard, intercepted, or suspected. To this aggregate of some fact and much fiction, Hager added his own comments and suggestions.

Many of the intercepted dispatches are, naturally, already known from their publication in other works on the Congress, but Weil gives the whole record in these two volumes with their 2,784 entries. The pages are like a reel moving, day by day, behind the public events. And the backstair view of the great assemblage is an extraordinary picture of the trouble taken by Emperor Francis to avoid being deceived. Here, too, are the exact accounts of the outlay.

The espionage system had been worked up to a high level. There were informers of three kinds—besides many occasional people such as landlords—ordinary police employees; those of a higher rank, who gathered information in the midst of other avocations, but were still in the regular service; and, thirdly, *volontaires*, not on salary, but willing to work *à titre purement gracieux*. All these informers brought, more or less directly, their finds to the *Cabinet Noir*, and from the sum of data, of rumor, and of *chiffons* Hager compounded his *Bordereau* for the Emperor's inspection. The appointing of the agents was part of the chief's concern. He was clever in selecting domestics just suitable for the joint needs of their masters and of himself, willing to search waste-paper baskets and to note the hour when *courriers* were to leave. How annoying it was when such a swift horse had been used by Bernstorff's messenger that Hager's failed to overtake him! Sometimes Emperor Francis had conscientious scruples, and being unwilling to confiscate interesting epistles, directed that the originals should be allowed to proceed to their destination unless it were quite necessary to keep them.

Espionage was brought to bear not only upon that vast crowd of foreigners. Francis wanted to know what his own Minister Metternich was writing and how his own daughter Marie Louise was spending her days with her husband so far away as Elba, and he learned it all through the faithful Hager, while Metternich, in his turn, supervised, unknown to the writer, the letters written at his orders by Chevalier de Gentz, the secretary of the Congress, to the Hospidars of Wallachia.

There were some idealists in Germany at that epoch, and one of these, Joseph Goerres, editor of the *Rheinischer Merkur*, had been thrilled and excited at the idea of a Congress where matters of international interest were to be settled by calm reason instead of by military prowess. It appeared to him a wonderful realization of a dream—a dream that had seemed purely visionary during the Napoleonic wars. He must have been sadly disillusioned if he caught any such glimpse of the Congress as is given by the police reports. And for months it looked as though no conclusion would be reached. The Prince de Ligne's *mot*, "Le congrès danse mais il ne marche pas," is repeated again and again from mouth to mouth, and was evidently considered by those present to appraise the situation justly. Each individual wanted more than the others were willing to yield. Goerres was among the onlookers who longed for a strong Germany as safer for the small sovereigns and mediatized princes who had had to yield so much. The Rhinelander, to be sure, was not at Vienna, but his opinions did not escape the notice of the astute Chief of Police. As a matter of fact, Prussia was occupied with other thoughts, for the moment. More territory, and that better compacted, was her chief concern. She did not desire a well-united Germany until all danger of having Austria in the presidential or imperial chair was removed. Prussia waited fifty years to attain her ambition.

In one way, these records offer matter that is infinitely trivial. Yet, if it be used in connection with the documentary history of the Congress ending with the final act, it will be seen that it does furnish forth some shafts of light, light that illuminates the actors and their attainment. It is amusing to watch how Wellington, Castlereagh, Bernstorff, Humboldt, Talleyrand, and their friends, went on, each in an ostrich-like manner, thinking that his innermost thoughts were hidden, unconscious that a close tab was kept on what each said in Vienna and wrote to London, Berlin, and Paris. Commandant Weil's bibliographical notes give information about all the persons mentioned who can possibly be identified, but they are not invariably accurate. The one consoling thought as one closes this record of pettiness and gossip is that the situation cannot be repeated in any future settlement of European affairs. The world will hereafter demand knowledge of all pledges given and received.

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Two Romances

Miss Amerikanka. By Olive Gilbreath. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Flower of the Chapdelaines. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"MISS AMERIKANKA" is a romance of unusual theme and flavor. War romances have been chiefly of three kinds: conventional love stories refurbished and decorated with the local and temporal colors of war time; adventure romance also taking advantage of the new situations and machinery for its own purposes; and passionate indictments of the enemy thinly masking as imaginative tales. There have been a few notable exceptions: the one that stands out in our memory, as it happens, is Hugh Walpole's "The Dark Forest"—like the present story, a romance of Russia, full of the mystery and glamour of that strange land. Miss Amerikanka is the name playfully given by her Russian friends to the young American who tells the story. She is a girl of high breeding and sensitive nature who, basking under the spell of the Far East, follows, when the war breaks out, a not wholly welcomed yet irresistible impulse to fare westward. It is true that another spell awaits her in that quarter. She is a lover of Russian literature and has always looked forward to a direct acquaintance with Russia and her life. All advices are against her taking the only possible road to the West, the hard winter journey over the Siberian Railway. It is made possible by the opportunity of travelling in the suite of a Russian general whose duty calls him to the front. She is repelled by this officer, a man of forbidding military type, with an ill-concealed scorn for Russia and her people. He turns out to be secretly Prussianized in character and allegiance and is eventually to pay the penalty of his deliberate treachery. But she has another travelling companion in the person of a Russian attaché, a youth of fine race and distinguished personality; and between the two deep liking and sympathy at once spring up. He interprets for her the Russia of the steppes and, presently, the Russia of Petrograd. He sees clearly the perils inherent in the national character, with its mysticism, its cruelty, and its irresolution; but, for all his cosmopolitan graces, he loves his own land purely and looks forward with clear faith to her ultimate destiny. Meanwhile there are immediate perils from traitors within her gates; and the young patriot presently is entrusted with a dangerous mission involving the conviction of men in high places (our general among them) who are sending troops to the front without equipment and in other ways giving over Russia to her enemy. He succeeds in his task and returns scarred but whole; only then does the love between him and "Miss Amerikanka" find utterance. But the Russian will not ask the American to bind herself to him and his country. It must for a long time, he foresees, be an unhappy country: "We are on the brink of change. Everything one loves and everything one hates is going into the melting-pot, and what will emerge no one can say. In time we shall evolve into a great free nation. *In time* . . ." He himself is of the nobles, and their lot will be hard: "The first new uncouth forces of democracy for which we are striving will have little place for us." So speak his tongue and his will, but eyes and soul beseech, and the girl does not hesitate. If we have misgivings as to the future happiness of the pair, they refer to the extreme sensibility of the two—and perhaps a little to the tendency of the heroine to see life through a veil of literature; so that in the supreme moment of her surrender her cry is, "Whatever your destiny—whatever the destiny of this Old World—it is mine, Dmitri Nikolaievitch . . . Sonia and Raskolnikoff . . . you know . . . together."

We do not know what other novel of Mr. Cable's so fully as "The Flower of the Chapdelaines" represents the writer who in the eighties and nineties produced not only "Dr. Sevier" and "The Grandissimes," but books like "The Negro Question" and "Strange True Stories of Louisiana." Apart from the delicious and tender humor of his Creole portraits and the shimmering cobwebby texture of his romantic action, he will perhaps be remembered as the post-bellum novelist who saw most clearly and imaginatively the whole composite fabric of Southern life. As one seeks to recall an impression of "The Grandissimes," for example, the first thing that emerges may be the lovely daughter and lovelier mother, the artful-artless pair who made such havoc with our undergraduate hearts; then might come the amiable Frauenfeld, through whose fresh gaze the glamour of New Orleans emerges the more clearly for us; then all that great connection, familiar and social, of the Grandissimes, cream of the Creole noblesse. But behind it all, giving the story depth, a touch of tragic mystery, is the figure of the second, dusky Honoré, and the wilder shadow of the beautiful ill-starred Palmyre. For better or worse, the destiny of each race is interwoven with that of the others. "You can't write a Southern book and keep us out," says Ovide Landry of "The Flower of the Chapdelaines." Ovide has once been a slave, but now, in this twentieth century, is a bookseller of uncommon intelligence, and warmly regarded by the little surviving Creole "coterie" of old Royal Street, with whom we are to be largely concerned. Nevertheless, his remark implies no presumption of equality. He is speaking to young Chester, a Southerner, but (like Frauenfeld, whose function in the story he fulfils) not of Louisiana. Chester likes and respects the bookseller, yet at this very instant replies to his remark with a question displaying "that odd freedom . . . which Southerners feel safe in under the plate armor of their race distinctions." Landry himself knows his place; that is a significant little touch at the end when, his presence being natural in a general grouping of the chief characters before the final curtain, " 'You will have refreshments,' he said with happiest equanimity; 'I will serve them,' and the whole race problem vanished."

But the "problem" comes closer to the story than aging, harmless Ovide Landry. It plays its part in the romance of Chester and charming Aline Chapdelaine. Aline, a Creole of the Creoles, has had a New England grandmother of anti-slavery stock. Her own grandfather was a Union man during the war and thereafter incurred social odium by putting his shoulder to the wheel of reconstruction, having "no choice of party allegiance but between a rabble up to the elbows in robbery and an old régime red-handed with the rabble's blood." So he had served with the black rascals and a few of the better sort (among them Ovide Landry) in the State Senate, had been among the cheated, the despised, the mobbed; yet had struggled on. "Reconstruction," said his son in after years—" 'twas like trying to drive, on the right road, a frantic horse in a rotten harness, and with the reins under his tail! . . ." It chances, moreover, that forebears of both Aline and Chester have been concerned in the escape and Northward "railroading" of a certain fam-

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ily of slaves in 1860. Two written narratives in the young people's possession dovetail so that the whole story is complete, to the rapture of the little group who represent with dignity if in poverty the traditions of the now sadly dwindled and encompassed *vieux carré*. Most of them are reduced to little trades, but practice them in the ancient "spirit of art." There are Castanado, costumer; Beloiseau, ornamental ironworker; La Porte, perfumer; and Seraphine Alexandre, mistress of embroideries, in whose shop daintily labors the flower of the Chapdelaines herself. Aline has two maiden aunts as childlike if not as charming as the unforgettable Clotilde and Aurora of "The Grandissimes." Finally, there are the De l'Isles, a pair who have not quite lost the grandeur of leisure and property, but are, with whatever air of nonchalance, loyal members of the little coterie. Loyalty is its strongest trait. The affairs of one are the affairs of all; it is by becoming possible in the eyes of her friends that Chester makes himself possible in the eyes of the beautiful Aline; and, having accepted him, they all conspire for him. It is only when he pledges himself to accept them all and to become one of them that she is able to yield. Their other enterprise, of taking the literary world by storm and winning a fortune for Aline by the publication of the twin manuscripts, is a failure—save as a source of delicious laughter.

Notes

PUTNAMS announce for publication shortly the following volumes: "A Girl Alone," by H. Evans; "A Short History of France," by Mary Duclaux; "Motives in English Fiction," by Robert Naylor Whiteford; "The New Voter," by Charles Willis Thompson.

"Save It for Winter," by F. F. Rockwell, is announced for publication in May by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"The Standard Index to Short Stories, 1900–1914," by Francis J. Hannigan, is announced for publication in the near future by Small, Maynard & Co.

AMONG the spring publications of Richard G. Badger are the following volumes: "Personal Identification," by Harris H. Wilder and Bert Wentworth; "The Mulatto in the United States," by Edward Byron Reuter; "The Higher Usefulness of Science," by William E. Ritter; "The Beginnings of Science," by Edward J. Menge; "Backgrounds for Social Workers," by Edward J. Menge; "The Creed of Deutschtum," by Morton Prince: "Child Behavior," by Florence Mateer; "Sane Sex Life and Sane Sex Living," by Capt. W. W. Long; "Rational Sex Ethics for Men in the Army and Navy," by Lieut. W. F. Robie; "Rational Sex Ethics for Parents," by Lieut. W. F. Robie; "The Philosophic Function of Value," by Nathan Blechman; "The Philosophical Basis of Education," by Rolland Merritt Shreves; "The Privilege of Education," by George L. Jackson; "Beaumarchais and the War of American Independence," 2 vols., by Elizabeth S. Kite; "Lincoln, the Politician," by T. Aaron Levy; "A Lieutenant of Cavalry in Lee's Army," by G. W. Beale; "The Modern Chesterfield," edited by Robert McMurdy; "A Study of Latin Hymns," by Alice K. MacGilton; "The Crimes of the Œdipodean Cycle," by Henry N. Bowman; "German Liberty Authors," by Warren Washburn Florer; "Psycho-Gymnastics and Society Drama," by D. M. Staley and Helen C. Culver; "Principles of Expressive Reading," by O. M. Norlie; "Oral Reading and Public Speaking," by John R. Pelsma; "The Seventh Continent," by Helen S. Wright; "Tenderfoot Days," by George Robert Bird; "The Beaten Path," by Joseph B. Egan; "Ted and Some Other Stories," by Louise D. Goldberry; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," by Hugh Osterhus; "Resurrection of the Gods," by Don A. Mickleson; "Way Back in Indiana," by Harry G. Burns; "Carolanus and Merone," by Irene Angele Baber; "Chanticleer Poems," by Edward F. Jackman; "Daughters of Fate," by Nathan A. Tefft; "Devil Worship," by Isya Joseph; "Zoroastrianism and Judaism," by George William Carter; "Thought for Help," by William C. Comstock; "Religious Revival and Social Betterment," by F. A. Robinson; "Saved as by Fire," by Cecil F. Wiggins; "Golden Words from the Book of Wisdom," by F. A. Wightman; "Soul Crisis," by James William Robinson; "Theological Essays," by Arnold C. P. Huizinga; "The New Life," by William Alexander Bodell; "The Secret of Successful Life," by William W. McLane; "The Christian Religion," by Edward F. Williams; "The Rose of Sharon," by Everett H. Sperow; "The Silent Nazarene," by Everett H. Sperow; "Jewish Ethical Idealism," by Frank H. Ridgley; "The Revelation of John," by Charles C. Whiting; "Help When Tempted and Tried," by Jeremiah Zimmerman; "The Righteous of Jehovah," by Richard F. Chambers; "Creation ex Nihilo," by L. Franklin Gruber; "Unofficial Christianity," by Shelton Bissell; "Plane Geometry," by Thomas L. Gladden; "Basis of a World Order," by Robert W. Rogers; "Harvard Lights and Shadows," by Victor Rine.

A NEW edition by Archibald Henderson of Godfrey's early American tragedy, "The Prince of Parthia" (Little, Brown; $2.50 net), is a book of attractive format, with clear print and numerous photogravures in illustration of the author's friends and possible associates, scenes about Philadelphia and Wilmington, North Carolina, where he lived, and particularly the persons of the play as designed by Guernsey Moore. However, the claim that "the play is now published for the first time since its original publication in 1765" can scarcely be allowed in view of the inclusion of this drama among Quinn's "Representative American Plays," issued a few weeks earlier than the volume under review, and making a similar claim to priority of reprinting. A somewhat diffuse introduction of more than seventy pages discusses the personality of Godfrey's father and his Philadelphia acquaintances, the younger Godfrey's contributions to American literature, the location of his tomb in Wilmington, the early history of American theatres and American drama, and the sources of this play. If the facts presented are generally not new, the editor is at some pains to be accurate in a field where misstatements have been multiplied, and duly indicates all his authorities. He does present new information, however, in his account of social and literary interests about Wilmington, where Godfrey composed the play in 1759. That "The Prince of Parthia" was acted by Wilmington amateurs about 1849 is altogether probable, but that professional actors performed there in Godfrey's own day is not established by Governor Tryon's casual allusion to the presence of one good actor in the colony. Critics will likewise accept with reservation Professor Henderson's liberal praise of the present play, and of Godfrey's other poetry as well. "The Prince of Parthia" is important to-day only as pioneer work; for its plot is thin, its characters are wooden, and its borrowing from Shakespeare is all too evident.

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A PLAY uncommon in character and motive and of decided ability is the "Unmade in Heaven" of Gamaliel Bradford (Dodd, Mead; $1.25 net). Unsuited, for obvious reasons, to the professional stage, it is well worth the attention of the independent theatre, on account of the skill and insight with which it handles a delicate and intensely controversial subject. So impartial is the argument that it is not easy to decide on which side the author stands. Here, briefly, is the stated case. Francis Hardinge, rich, cultivated, and zealous in the pursuit of scientific truth, is a convinced skeptic, because he will accept no article of faith that he cannot understand. He loves and is beloved by Eleanor Wade, a passionate devotee of the Roman Catholic Church, who hesitates to risk union with an unbeliever. But this difficulty is overcome, and they are betrothed, she trusting in his broad-minded liberality. Then he happens to encounter a priest of apostolic power, who, working upon his sense of human misery and helplessness, gradually undermines his confidence in pure reason and induces him to make profession of faith upon the authority of the Church. There is no shadow now between the lovers, and Eleanor is in an ecstasy of bliss. But Francis, who, once started upon a line of thought, is fanatical in his pursuit of it to the final issue, now deems the priesthood the one logical and inevitable issue of his conversion, no matter what the sacrifice entailed. With anguished heart, but unswerving resolution, he starts for Rome to take the final vows, leaving the broken Eleanor with no other consolation than the hope of eternal reward for both. Thus told in bold outline the story seems specious, artificial, and somewhat inhuman, but it is none of these things. Nor is it a religious tract. On the contrary, most of it is written in the vein of ordinary social comedy, and there is no lack of humorous relief, afforded in a vital sketch of an amiable young worldling, Ned Wilde, a devoted but always hopeless lover of Eleanor, who represents the joy of life and vainly warns her of the abyss to which he shrewdly perceives that she and the wilful and headlong Francis are imperceptibly hastening. The chief dramatic and literary excellence of the play consists in the skill and consistency with which leading and typical characters are developed and contrasted. The converting priest, very tactfully, is not allowed to appear at all, but there is a capital study of a genial and liberal old family confessor. All the characterization is adroit and plausible. Whether a play which is so deficient in incidental action, and in which the dramatic conflict is almost wholly intellectual and spiritual, would appeal to the ordinary theatrical audience, is doubtful, but of its essentially dramatic quality, or its interesting presentation of a theme, novel at least in a particular aspect, there can be no question.

DOSTOIEVSKY'S contradictory nature appears in his "Journal of an Author," a few "Pages" of which were recently published (Boston: Luce; $1.25 net). The champion of love and compassion, of charity and forgiveness, appears devoid of these Christian virtues in his dealings with political opponents. As a publicist, Dostoievsky ranked with the reactionary camp, though on many occasions he ran the gantlet of the Czar's censor. He stood, therefore, in opposition to the larger part of thinking Russia, from the mild liberal, Turgeniev, to the revolutionary Socialists. His passionate love for the Russian people, his belief in the mission of a Russian Christ destined to regenerate the decaying West, led him to sheer intolerance towards all non-Russian races and non-orthodox creeds. What has Russia to learn from the rotten West? "She is on the eve of ruin, your Europe, of a general, universal, and terrible catastrophe. . . . The fourth estate is coming; it knocks and batters at the door, and if the door is not opened, it will be broken down. The fourth estate does not want the ideals of old; it denounces all that has been up till now. It will not make little compromises, little concessions; you will not save the building by little supports." Then follows a prophecy; Dostoievsky considered epileptics capable of clairvoyancy: "These 'insoluble' political questions must infallibly lead to one huge, final, disintegrating, political war, in which all Powers will have a share, and which will break out in our century . . ." In 1880, when those lines were written, Dostoievsky still believed that Russia might be spared the catastrophe which was bound to befall the rest of the world. He does not make clear, however, by what means Russia may escape the universal doom; his negative arguments are ever more convincing than his positive postulates. His belief in the exceptional faculties of the Russian people is a faith that defies proofs, an axiom that requires no demonstration.

> To a true Russian, Europe and the destiny of all the mighty Aryan family is as dear as Russia herself, as the destiny of his own native country, because our destiny is universality, won not by the sword, but by the strength of brotherhood and our fraternal aspiration to reunite mankind.

At this moment, when over the destiny of Russia hangs a grim question mark, one cannot read without a stir of hope these pathetic words of the clairvoyant "reactionary," Dostoievsky:

> And in course of time I believe that we—not we, of course, but our children to come—will all without exception understand that to be a true Russian does indeed mean to aspire finally to reconcile the contradictions of Europe, to show the end of European yearning in our Russian soul, omni-human and all-uniting, to include within our soul by brotherly love all our brethren, and at last, it may be, to pronounce the final Word of the great general harmony, of the final brotherly communion of all nations in accordance with the law of the gospel of Christ!

PARSON WEEMS for nearly a century and a quarter has never failed to satisfy his public. Each embellished edition of "The History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington" drawn from his peddler's pack brought fresh and timely joy to the purchaser. Whatever aspect of Washington one sought, it was there in abundance. In the Mount Vernon edition (Lippincott; $1.50) it seems as if the genial myth-maker had with ghostly pen written in a sentence for to-day. Undoubtedly

Contributors to this Issue

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it has stood there all these years, but we passed it by in the impassioned reading of our childhood, such was our eagerness to reach the cherry tree and the cabbage letters. But now we find the author of this best-seller of biographies with his finger on the popular pulse:

> In all the ensigns of character amidst which he is generally drawn, you see none that represent him, what he really was, "the jupiter Conservator," the friend and benefactor of men. Where's his bright ploughshare that he loved—or his wheat-crowned fields, waving in yellow ridges before the wanton breeze—or his hills whitened over with flocks—or his clover-covered pastures spread with innumerous herds—or his neat-clad servants with songs rolling the heavy harvest before them? Such were the scenes of peace, plenty, and happiness in which Washington delighted.

What a setting this for Mr. Calder's new statue of Washington on the Arch in Washington Square, had he but thought of it in time!

EDWARD HUTTON'S "Somersetshire" was one of the most interesting of an almost uniformly successful series, The Highways and Byways (Macmillan; $2 net). The same cannot quite be said of his second contribution, "Wiltshire," recently published. Mr. Hutton's Roman Catholic proclivities threw a glow of romance over Wells and Glastonbury, but Salisbury Cathedral in the present volume does not lend itself readily to the same sentimental treatment, and in his effort to produce an unattainable effect Mr. Hutton has failed to do justice to other associations of a literary character, such as Trollope's Barchester novels. The account of Stonehenge is better, and if, in the description of the valleys that intersect Wiltshire, the note of sentiment is sometimes a bit forced, the writing is on the whole delightful. These loving pictures and reminiscences of old England afford strange, but acceptable, reading in these days when everything seems to be unsettled.

FOUR new volumes of the Loeb Library (Putnam) continue a series about which the *Nation* has already expressed a favorable opinion. Prof. Bernadotte Perrin adds the fifth volume to his admirable edition and translation of Plutarch's Lives. When the eleven volumes of this work are completed, and to these is added a translation of the Moralia (*opus valde desideratum*), the Library will have raised a monument of which it may justly be proud. Another task of monumental proportions is the translation of Dio's Roman History, of which Dr. Earnest Cary has now given us the sixth volume. Mr. W. R. Paton contributes the third volume of the Greek Anthology, which embraces the Declamatory Epigrams. The Latin section moves more slowly than the Greek, for what reason we do not know. But this, too, is now enriched by the second volume of Prof. Paul Nixon's Plautus. The plays translated are the "Casina," "The Casket Comedy," "Curculio," "Epidicus," and "The Two Menaechmuses."

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THE death of Mr. Charles H. Caffin has removed a writer and critic who labored assiduously and usefully for the wider diffusion among the general public of an intelligent appreciation of the fine arts. His last volume, published by Dodd, Mead & Co. under the title "How to Study Architecture" ($3.50), is an effort to present, in the compass of 478 pages, the leading facts of the history of architecture from the earliest times to the present day. It is written in a somewhat familiar and conversational style, with a minimum of technicalities, is well and copiously illustrated, and should succeed in its purpose of enlisting the interest of the general reader in the development of architecture as the expression and outgrowth of the historic and cultural conditions of different ages and peoples. It is thus a popular history of architecture rather than a guide to the reader who would study the art as a whole by and for himself; although the ten pages of Preliminary Considerations contain some excellent suggestions and lay down sound principles. There is, however, no general discussion of the theory of composition, proportion, construction, decoration, or function in architecture, to all of which the general student should have at least a rudimentary introduction. Mr. Caffin's book has considerable merit in the judicious proportioning of its various sections. It is generally correct in its statements and fair in its critical judgments. There are some evidences of haste in the proof-reading, and one may take exception here and there to its estimates; but the blemishes of this sort are few and unimportant. There is a good index and a bibliography.

ALTHOUGH the work of an Englishman and written before the United States entered the war, "President Wilson: His Problems and His Policy" (Stokes; $1.75 net), by H. Wilson Harris, is, on the whole, rather the best account of Mr. Wilson's career prior to April, 1917, that has yet come to our notice. Its distinguishing features are its straightforward narrative method, its absence of fulsome praise, and its friendly but critical temper. The obvious tenderness with which Mr. Harris treats such controverted topics as Mr. Wilson's early pacifism, his course with Mexico, and unguarded utterances such as "too proud to fight," or the famous sentence about the aims of the belligerents in his peace note to the Powers seems to spring from a desire to give the President the benefit of the doubt and interpret his opinions as a whole, rather than from any disposition to avoid a real difficulty. The book, while in no sense superficial, is not at all profound; and in spite of the fact that Mr. Harris shows a commendably accurate knowledge of American politics, he has hardly more than skimmed the surface of the large political, social, and administrative problems with which Mr. Wilson, from the beginning of his first term of office, had begun to deal.

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Drama

The Closing of the French Season*

THE first season at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier has just drawn to its close, and M. Jacques Copeau and his associates have bidden New York *au revoir* until next autumn. Heralded with high hopes when they began their interesting endeavor in November, their achievement has been so varied, so stimulating, so fruitful in artistic and intellectual results that one must needs deplore the discouraging financial outcome. There has been a steady struggle against public indifference, for the audiences, though fit, have frequently been few in numbers. M. Copeau and his admirers—and these are by no means few—may console themselves with the knowledge that a sure foundation has been laid and that his public has grown with his répertoire.

Yet the repertory of the company, while wide and varied, has in some respects proved weak. There have been nearly a dozen bills embracing twenty plays, of which nine were one-act plays. Four plays by Molière and one imitation of his "Impromptu de Versailles," one play by Shakespeare, and one by Marivaux constituted the classical offering; one by Mérimée and one by Alfred de Musset the romantic; while the remaining eleven were modern. This seems extensive enough to American theatregoers, who rarely have the opportunity of seeing an eighteenth-century comedy in the same season with Shakespearean and modern productions. Only the German Theatre, where they pass lightly from Shakespeare to a musical comedy or from Lessing to Bernard Shaw, exhibits a wider range. But unhappily this repertory included few of the greatest plays of French drama and few modern plays of compelling attraction and characteristic quality. Half the season had passed before "Les Frères Karamazov" was presented, and yet this morbid but fascinating tragedy of the fall of a family, in which Dostoievsky's feverish imagination and passionate humanity find expression, proved one of the most successful as well as artistic productions. François de Curel's "La Nouvelle Idole" also came too late.

After all, New York is not Paris, and M. Copeau's task is more difficult here. Our French population is comparatively small and not largely representative of the artistic and intellectual classes. The American general public that speaks French is no larger. In the beginning the mistake was made of emphasizing the "society element" among the subscribers, and higher prices than are common in other New York theatres prevailed on every night but one. This was later remedied, and the Vieux Colombier has gradually won its own public, made up not only of students of literature and of members of the fashionable world, but of many lovers of drama that is artistically produced and acted.

The preponderance of minor comedies and farce in the plays presented has been adversely noted, and the production of Molière's "L'Avare," almost at the close of the season, may have been M. Copeau's answer to this criticism. Handicapped by the absence of some of his more capable actors because of the war, he had to await the return of M. Charles Dullin to portray Molière's miser in all his sordid ugliness. Not only was the production as a whole one of the most satisfying and distinctive achievements of the company, but M. Dullin's Harpagon proved a remarkable impersonation in itself. In the one meagre scene of the miser's meagre household, this gaunt, wolfish, debased creature crept about, listened, schemed, and exercised his harsh power. In facial expression, in speech, in carriage M. Dullin was the incarnation of the accursed lust of gold, recalling in its perversion of humanity Ben Jonson's terrible figures in "The Alchemist" rather than the more human Shylock. Another achievement in a different vein was the production of Molière's "L'Amour Médecin," with its small platform stage and its sets of stairs and curtains dividing the larger stage into "scenes," its extravagant burlesque of the four doctors, and its delightful air of unreality and artificial exaggeration. Granville Barker's staging and costuming of Anatole France's "The Man that Married a Dumb Wife" recurred to one's memory as these grotesquely garbed figures with their painted masks passed before the view.

"Le Testament du Père Leleu," a one-act farce by Roger Martin du Gard, served to exhibit once more M. Dullin's talent in impersonating the baser sorts of character. It brought out also the defects of M. Copeau's method of stage settings in certain kinds of plays. In this peasant farce of Berrichon, where the plot turns on the squalid scheming for a dead man's wealth, M. Dullin appeared in the rôles of two old peasants, equally grasping, but clearly differentiated. The single scene in a French peasant's farmhouse failed curiously to suggest the spirit of the play, and seemed quite out of harmony with its essential atmosphere. The draped curtains and screens that served so admirably in Prosper Mérimée's "Le Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement" were obtrusively out of place in this realistic country scene. It must be granted, too, that M. Copeau's stage settings and lighting, always artistic in romantic comedy and classical farce, have often seemed eccentric and mannered in the modern realistic plays.

In addition to the shortcomings of the Vieux Colombier in the character of its repertory and in its too close adherence to an impressionistic scheme of stage settings, the weakness of the company, on its feminine side, in personal charm and artistic achievement has been noticeable. The men, on the contrary, have shown unusual powers of characterization, even though there was no one capable of sustaining a central character with distinction until the arrival of M. Dullin. But M. Louis Jouvet's study of senile degeneracy in old Karamazov, his unctuously humorous M. Macroton in "L'Amour Médecin," François Gournac's sinister valet in "Les Frères Karamazov" and his sensual viceroy in "Le Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement" are as unforgettable as M. Dullin's Harpagon and Père Leleu. M. Copeau's intelligence, taste, and initiative will doubtless accomplish in another season all that has been promised. M. C. D.

*Special articles on the French Theatre appeared in the *Nation* of November 22, December 6, 13, 27, 1917; January 17, February 7, 1918.

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Promise of the Wheat Crop

THE grain trade's comment on last week's Government crop report is that the 646,000,000 bushels, foreshadowed from present indications for the yield of winter wheat and rye combined, would mean, if realized, an increase of 168,000,000 bushels over their yield in 1917. The condition named for winter wheat, which is 15¼ per cent. above that of a year ago, fulfils expectations of the trade; though the estimated yield is slightly below what had been looked for. Conditions in the grain belt since the data for the report were compiled on April 1, however, have improved decidedly. Abundant and much-needed rainfall has prevailed over the greater part of the country—notably in the Southwest.

A question often asked is this: Will not the present Government estimate of yield be subject to heavy reduction when the "abandoned acreage" is reported on, next month? In other words, is not the 560,000,000-bushel winter wheat estimate based on the 42,170,000 acres planted? The answer is, that in this forecast (which is for 20,000,000 bushels more than were indicated in December and 142,000,000 more than were harvested last year) allowance is made by the Department for an average abandonment of acreage through the accidents of winter.

That would suggest the possibility of a yield much larger than the estimate, if favorable weather conditions should prevail, and an abundant supply of moisture, between now and harvest. Even in 1917, when the winter-killed acreage turned out to have been the largest ever recorded and when the weather after April 1 continued unfavorable, the 430,000,000-bushel forecast of winter wheat in the April crop report was cut down to only 418,070,000 at the harvest. The April estimate had allowed for those considerations.

As a matter of fact, present indications are that the loss of acreage through winter-killing will this year turn out to have been far below the average. There will be loss of acreage in western Kansas, where the present crop prospects are for about half a yield; also a little in Oklahoma, the western part of the Texas Pan Handle, and in Texas proper. All that is more than allowed for, however, in the present estimates. It may be that the loss of acreage will run from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 acres. But the acreage planted last year was much the largest on record, and there was no winter-killing last season from the usual causes; what losses have been sustained are entirely from drought. Last year there was a loss of 12,437,000 acres, or 31 per cent. of the acreage seeded, which was 40,090,000 acres. The smallest loss in recent years was 923,000 acres in 1903. The five-year average loss is 4,078,000.

It is not inconceivable that the country may raise 850,000,000 to 900,000,000 bushels of all wheat this year, which, with the expected large crop of rye, would make an abundant supply of breadstuffs. Should the country produce 600,000,000 bushels of winter wheat and 300,000,000 of spring wheat (the latter figure was far exceeded in 1915 and 1912), the resultant total would be 249,000,000 bushels above last year and within 100,000,000 of the bumper yield of 1915.

This depends necessarily on the character of the growing season, which will long remain uncertain. Any such result, however, would affect the food situation very radically; for the 1917 wheat crop is now almost entirely used up, and only by the most rigorous economy can the meagre surplus be made to piece out the three months remaining of the crop season. Virtual exhaustion of supplies is shown by the smallness of the "visible," which on April 6 was only 4,695,000 bushels, perhaps the lightest ever known at this time of year, and comparing with 47,363,000 bushels a year ago. The supply of rye is 1,152,000 bushels, against 1,626,000 bushels last year. In the next three months the bins will be swept clean, and consumption will start on the new crop as soon as it is available. Fortunately, present expectations are that the harvest will be a week, or possibly two weeks, earlier than last year.

Estimating the domestic consumption at 400,000,000 bushels for the grain year (the figure might be lowered, by strict conservation and economy with extensive substitution, to 350,000,000), there would be a surplus of 500,000,000 out of a 900,000,000-bushel crop, without the allowance of 90,000,000 bushels for seed. This would be doing better than in 1915.

It has been suggested by the Department of Agriculture that England and France may have 100,000,000 bushels more of wheat than last year; their crop prospects are better, and every effort has been made to put in a large acreage. Such a surplus for this country as the above calculation shows to be at least possible would therefore make it easy to supply all requirements, both at home and abroad, even though it might not leave any great surplus at the end of the season. Certainly there was never a time in agricultural history when an American crop of such dimensions would mean more to the safety and welfare of the world.

C. D. MICHAELS

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

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Cannan, G. The Stucco House. Doran. $1.50 net.
Ferguson, J. Stealthy Terror. Lane. $1.40 net.
Lynde, F. Branded. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Stacpoole, H. de V. The Man Who Lost Himself. Lane. $1.40 net.
Tagore, Rabindranath. Mashi and Other Stories. Macmillan. $1.50.
White, E. V. The Unwilling Vestal. Dutton. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

America's Message to the Russian People. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.50.
Azan, P. The Warfare of To-day. Translated by J. L. Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Bailey, L. H. Universal Service. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Bishop, J. B. A Chronicle of One Hundred and Fifty Years. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. Scribner. $5 net.
Findlay, H. Practical Gardening. Appleton. $2 net.
Foster, R. F. Foster on Auction. Dutton. $2 net.
Freeburg, V. O. The Art of Photoplay-Making. Macmillan. $2.
Gillmore, M. McI. Economy Cook Book. Dutton. $1.
Hagedorn, H. Where Do You Stand? Macmillan. 50 cents.
McLeod, T. B. The World War and the Road to Peace. Macmillan. 60 cents.
Marcosson, I. F. The Business of War. Lane. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Addison, C. M. The Theory and Practice of Mysticism. Dutton. $1.50 net.
The Mythology of All Races. Vol. XII. Egyptian, by W. M. Müller; Indo-Chinese, by J. G. Scott. Edited by L. H. Gray. Boston: Marshall Jones Co.

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SCIENCE

Olsen, J. C. Chemical Annual. Fourth issue, 1918. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

POETRY AND DRAMA

American Poetry. Edited by P. H. Boynton. Scribner. $2.25 net.
Brower, H. Home Help in Music Study. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Carlin, F. My Ireland. Holt. $1.25 net.
De Lesseline, Liddell. The Two Cromwells. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1 net.
Doubleday, J. S. Songs and Sea Voices. Washington Square Book Shop. $1.25.
Ehrmann, M. B. Melodies in Verse. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1 net.
Syrett, N. Robin Goodfellow and Other Fairy Plays. Lane.

JUVENILE

Slaughter, G. Two Children in Old Paris. Macmillan. $1.50.

EDUCATION AND TEXTBOOKS

Austen, J. Pride and Prejudice. Modern Students' Library. Scribner. 75 cents net.
English Poets of the Eighteenth Century. Selected and edited by Ernest Bernbaum. Modern Students' Library. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Martin, C. F. Essentials of French Pronunciation. Heath. 80 cents.
Sharpless, I. The Story of a Small College. Winston.
Thorndike, A. H. The Elements of Rhetoric. Revised edition. Century. $1.25 net.
Whitehead, A. N. The Organization of Thought. Lippincott.
Worman, J. H. New First Spanish Book. American Book Co.

The PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY is the Journal of the American Book Trade. The following extract is from its issue of March 30, 1918:

HAZEN, CHARLES DOWNER.
"Modern European History." Holt. $1.75.
"Europe Since 1815." Holt. $3.75.
"The French Revolution and Napoleon." Holt. $2.50.
"Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule." Holt. $1.25.

The period of European History since the battle of Waterloo, 1815, is the period most read about and most written about to-day. Professor Hazen's "Europe Since 1815" was not only a best-seller in history, but also the great forerunner of all the histories of that same period that have followed since. The recent volume on Alsace-Lorraine is likewise the first volume of note in that field of history. The author's "magic of style" makes his books the most widely circulated of any American historian's writings, and their great popularity is based as much on their accuracy and fairness as on their readability.*

*It should be noted that "The French Revolution and Napoleon" consists of the early chapters of "Modern European History" reprinted in library format, the latter volume being essentially a text-book.—EDITOR PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY.

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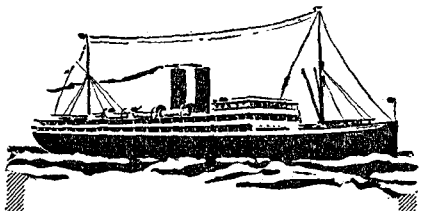

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Summary of the News

THE great battle in the north of France has now lasted three and a half weeks, and since Tuesday, April 9, the most violent fighting has shifted from the Somme to Flanders. The Germans, after their failure to smash through to Amiens, had tried new tactics by attacking the French violently on a ten-mile sector in the southeast until they were forced to retire to the Aillette River. They now repeated a like effort against the British and Portuguese north of Arras, in the region of Armentières, thus extending the front of the battle of Picardy over nearly 150 miles. On April 9 the British-Portuguese line in the centre was forced back on the River Lys; later they were driven back to the Messines Ridges, and evacuated Armentières. Under continued pressure the British troops were forced back beyond Merville on April 12, and Berlin reported that 20,000 prisoners and more than 200 guns were captured in the battle of Armentières. Gen. Haig, in a special order of the day, told his troops that there must be no further retirement, but that they must fight with their backs to the wall until the French army could come to their aid. As though in obedience to this charge, the British held fast on April 13, and the changes in the battle line were slight. On April 15 they gave up Neuve Eglise. The Germans have thus driven a deep wedge into the British line, with its blunted edge extending as far as Merville and its sides enclosing a twelve-mile space between the Messines Ridges on the north and Givenchy on the south, the most violent fighting now being on the northern side of the wedge from Bailleul and Merris to Neuve Eglise. If the British can hold on the sides of the wedge, the German position will grow more precarious; but if the British should be forced to yield on the Wytschaete and Passchendaele Ridges, the way to Ypres and Calais would be open. The British position is serious, and at present there is still no abatement in the violence of the German attack. The final object of the enemy, as has been said, is the Channel ports. The first attack on the Somme was successful, then followed the frontal attack on Arras, and now comes the attack on Flanders farther north. Their progress has been great, but they cannot push their wedge further without danger, and they must break through the British lines on the north or the south of this wedge to achieve their object. The battle of Flanders is still active after a week's fighting, but the strength of the defence has increased, and the drive from Armentières for the Channel seems checked for the present.

GEN. FOCH has been given the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies operating in France, by the French and British Governments, and thus another step has been taken in realizing complete unity of command on the western front. Gen. Foch, it now appears, is counted on to throw in the necessary number of French divisions to render a further German advance in Flanders impossible.

CONSCRIPTION for Ireland and the resulting Irish crisis rank next in importance in the week's news to the struggle on the western front. Premier Lloyd George, in a speech in the House of Com-

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mons on April 9, demanded that the Government be allowed to draft every able-bodied man up to fifty years of age and to apply conscription to Ireland at once. The Irish Nationalists in Parliament created a storm of protest, and their leader, John Dillon, has since declared that the bill proposed would open a new war front in Ireland, the more formidable because it would be a moral front, with Great Britain in the wrong. Ex-Premier Asquith attacked the measure as impractical and ill-timed, since the Irish Convention had completed its labors and was asking the House to accept a far-reaching measure of self-government. The London press, while admitting the need of more man-power, reflects a tone of serious apprehension as to the wisdom of the draft plan for Ireland. The London *Chronicle* and *Manchester Guardian* were particularly outspoken in their opposition, the latter declaring that the issues of the present battle and the war will be settled before the newly conscripted army can be trained. Severe criticism is made against the Premier for not consulting Irish opinion before proposing his plan. The Irish press is almost unanimous in denouncing the measure, and numerous meetings to oppose conscription have been held. Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, has said that the conscription proposal was the gravest blunder the Government had made. None the less, the House of Commons, sitting in committee, passed the Irish conscription clause of the Man-Power bill on April 12 by a majority of 165, refusing to delay for Home Rule.

A PEACE offer to France from Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary, contained in a letter of March 31, 1917, to his brother-in-law, Prince Sixtus of Bourbon, has been officially made public in a note issued in Paris by the French Foreign Office. In it the Emperor pledged help on Alsace, offered to exert his personal influence with his allies, and declared for the reëstablishment of Belgium and Servia. An official statement in a published telegram from Emperor Charles to Emperor William flatly denies the French claim and accuses M. Clemenceau of "piling up lies to escape the web of lies in which he is involved." The publication of the Emperor's letter is one of the greatest diplomatic sensations of the war, and interest in the disclosure is intense. Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, has resigned as a result of his part in this complicated diplomatic tangle, which began with his declaration that France had been ready to talk peace. It is asserted, according to latest reports from the Austrian Foreign Ministry, that a forged letter was substituted for the one that was to have been delivered from the Emperor to Prince Sixtus.

SINKINGS of British merchantmen by mines and submarines amounted to four vessels of more than 1,600 tons, two of less, and two fishing boats in the week ending April 10. The French, during the week ending April 6, lost two vessels of more than 1,600 tons, and the Italians one steamer of more than 1,500 tons and three sailing vessels. According to a belated report, the British steamship Minnetonka, of 13,528 tons, was sunk in the Mediterranean in February. This is the last of the four Atlantic Transport liners to be sunk, the others being the Minneapolis, in 1916, and the Minnehaha and Minnewaska, in 1917.

FOOD riots in Holland, resulting in the death of a number of people and the wounding of several policemen, had to be put down by the cavalry. Bread shops and other shops in The Hague were damaged. A bulletin from Washington, agreeing to permit three Dutch ships from the United States to leave immediately for the starving people in Holland, may help to limit the seriousness of the food riots.

THE United States, with the consent of Portugal, has established a naval base in the Azores for the protection of Atlantic trade routes to southern Europe and the Mediterranean and traffic from there to South America and ports in the Gulf of Mexico.

NEWS from Russia does not indicate any marked changes in the situation recorded last week, with obscure and contradictory reports from Siberia and Finland. Bessarabia, a Russian province bordering Rumania on the east, has voted in favor of union with Rumania by a vote of 86 to 5. The northern part of the province has a predominantly Rumanian population that has long favored union with Rumania.

BOLO PASHA, the Levantine adventurer, who has been condemned to death by a court-martial in Paris for treason, has won a reprieve by offering to make a number of revelations to the French Government as to other intrigues in southern France and Italy.

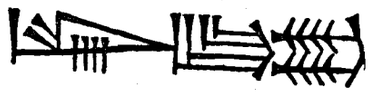
SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER, after an absence of six weeks, has returned from Europe, where he conferred with the Entente leaders in London, Paris, and Rome, and with Gen. Pershing at the American Headquarters in France. He reported that the achievements of the United States and Allied troops abroad had filled him with a sense of pride and confidence that would justify many trips across the water.

SENATOR STONE, of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, died on Sunday, April 14, from a cerebral hemorrhage. Senator Stone was one of the twelve men who consistently opposed declaring war on Germany, as he believed this opposed to America's interests, but after war was declared he took his place with the supporters of war measures.

THE death of Senator Broussard, of Louisiana, and of Rudolph Blankenburg, Mayor of Philadelphia and a noted fighter for reform, were also announced during the same week.

A POLITICAL attack on Mr. George Creel, head of the Administration's Bureau of Public Information, has been made in Congress, chiefly because of his alleged declaration that he was proud "that there was no rush of preparation in this country prior to the day the President went before Congress." Mr. Creel's version is that he was glad that no man could say that America had started this war, as was proved by her unpreparedness.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the Third Liberty Loan amounted to a total of $620,947,550, up to April 15, the result of one week's work.



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